THE DANIELLS IN INDIA

AND

THE WATERFALL AT PAPANASAM



BY MAURICE SHELLIM

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To

D. R. D.

INTRODUCTION

Of all the many foreign artists who have visited India, surely none can rival the Daniells, uncle and nephew, in their combination of talent, character, and endurance. Even today, nearly two hundred years later, with all the convenience of modern travel, only the dauntless would undertake journeys such as theirs. Beset by every danger, these two strange visitors, bereft of comforts now regarded as indispensable, travelled through the innermost parts of India.

To have travelled thus at such a time would of itself have represented a memorable achievement, but to have done so and to have made a wonderfully complete graphic record of their journeyings, has served ever since to place all those who love India in their debt. Whether it be their paintings of old Chowringhee, or of the Falls at Papanasam, the charm and fascination is obvious to all with eyes to comprehend. Maurice Shellim may be the latest to write a book about the Daniells, but he will certainly not be the last, and I know that this scholarly but readable book, with its interesting anecdotage, will give as much pleasure to others as it has done to me.

My father was an avid collector of the works of these two splendid artists, and it is his gifts, and those of the late Mr. Lyell and others, which have made the Victoria Memorial in Calcutta the home of an incomparable collection of their paintings. None who enjoys this book, and who has the opportunity to come to Calcutta, should miss the chance of visiting the Victoria Memorial and seeing some of the finest works of the Daniells—and much else.

As a Trustee of the Victoria Memorial, and as a life-long admirer of their work, I congratulate Maurice Shellim on allowing us to share his enthusiasm and researches. The fact that a busy medical practitioner should have found time to do what is described in this book, illustrates better than anything I can say, that the magic of the Daniells, those chroniclers of the beauty of India, continues unabated.

THE MAHARAJADHIRAJA BAHADUR OF BURDWAN, K.C.I.E.

FOREWORD

In 1968 I purchased an oil painting of a waterfall at Papanasam, in South India, by Thomas Daniell, R.A. (1748-1840). I had for many years been interested in the work of this artist and his nephew, William Daniell, but this was the first of their oils which had come my way. It was almost certainly painted in 1792, during a romantic period of British Indian history, and is a most beautiful picture.

This story tells of the research into the lives of the Daniells, who painted several versions of this subject, of the history of the pictures themselves, and of the people who owned or were associated with them. It attempts to explain the apparently simple urge to see the waterfall as it is today, and the visit to Papanasam which followed.

I wrote the first half of the book before my visit to South India, when I expected the waterfall to be the same as in my oil painting, and the inaccuracies have been left in on purpose.

The old spelling of names has been retained throughout for simplicity's sake. Name changes on modern maps are easily recognisable, as variations are minor.

Calcutta, December 1970.

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I have drawn freely upon the following publications. Thomas Sutton's book "*The Daniells, Artists & Travellers*", (The Bodley Head, 1954); Mildred Archer's many articles on these two artists and her impeccable monograph "*Tippoo's Tiger*", published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office in 1959; old volumes of "*Bengal, Past & Present*", the journal of the Calcutta Historical Society, the first of which appeared in 1907; "*Walker's Quarterly*" (Nos. 35 & 36) published in 1931, devoted to an article by Martin Hardie and Muriel Clayton entitled "*Thomas Daniell, R.A. 1749-1840*, and *William Daniell, R.A. 1769-1837*", which has extracts from William's diary of their travels in India; the "*Walpole Society's Journal*" published in 1931 and 1932, containing a contribution from Sir William Foster on William Hodges, R.A.; and the Volume of 1834 in the series "*Oriental Annual 1834-1840*", published by Edward Bull of Cavendish Square, London.

Looking through the literature as a whole, repetition and rephrasing of facts and situations recorded in previous publications is evident; and some errors in dates and spelling continue throughout. For this book I have made extracts from the sources mentioned above and have attempted to bring them together to maintain the interest of the reader in the particular context of Papanasam. Inevitably, however, diversions have been necessary in order to relate historical facts to persons involved directly or indirectly with my painting.

CHAPTER ONE

When I acquired "The Waterfall at Papanasam", an oil painting by Thomas Daniell, I little realised that the spell which it cast upon me would lead to a fascinating quest and later, to this book. This little narrative is to give some idea of the consequences of that almost fortuitous purchase in May 1968 and to try and convey some of the excitement and pleasure which followed. Even now, over two years after buying the picture, I am filled with excitement whenever I look at it. It has all the drama of savage movement and restlessness, of surging power. The romance and nostalgia for India is there. It shows mythological carvings on the rocks beside the waterfall, and devout figures prostrated before the images, simple in their belief and happy in the absence of responsibility for their future, trusting to the gods and goddesses to care for them and their children. There is a feeling of *deja vu*; one is aware of the unchanged scene through all the long years.

It may well be that the fame and beauty of many impressionist paintings, which are so prized and so well known today are, in part, due to nostalgia for a period—a romantic, gay, sad, period—Paris at the turn of the century. Perhaps it is this which adds to the genius of the artists—and sharpens the emotions which these pictures arouse. It is possible that the adulation lavished upon them is communicated in some mysterious way to the paintings. Perhaps this has happened to my picture.

The size of the painted surface of the oil is $3\frac{1}{4}' \times 2\frac{1}{2}'$. By the side of the waterfall is a rock covered with a bas relief, and below the carvings there is a stone platform, and steps which lead to the pool of the waterfall. The carvings are shown prominently in my picture with devotees worshipping before them. I know that pilgrims, exactly like the prostrate figures painted 180 years ago, must still be there.

The river Tambrapani, of which Papanasam is a part, is a sacred river. "Papa" means sin and "Nasam" means removal, and devout Hindus immerse themselves in the river below the cataract to cleanse themselves of sin. At a christening in Westminster Abbey

in October 1969, as the chaplain said the prayer of baptism and poured water over my god-son, I realised that there was no basic difference in the concept of the removal of original or acquired sin, whether the water arises from the hills which feed the Tambrapani River or comes from the Metropolitan Water Board.

Thomas and William Daniell, who were amongst the first Europeans to see the waterfall, were at Papanasam on t he 1st and 2nd of August, 1792, during their travels in South India. Two sketches done at the site of the waterfall carry those dates. Here is the description given in the text of the reduced edition of "*Oriental Scenery*", (1812-1816), which they produced many years later.

> "The Fall at Pappanassum is on the river Tumrabunni, a considerable stream in the district of Tinnyvelly in South India. A few miles below the fall, that river passes the fort of Palamcotta, and thence proceeds in an easterly course towards the sea, into which it is received in the gulph of Manapar.
>
> This magnificent cataract is held by the Hindoos in great veneration, and is accordingly visited by innumerable devotees. The only approach to it is by a single path on the right hand side of the valley, whence, though near to the fall, it cannot be seen owing to the interposition of a large mass of rock that projects into the water. The path is continued up the face of the rock by means of a flight of steps; and at the summit a gate is so placed that all visitors must of necessity pass through it, but which nevertheless readily opens to all who are provided with a small fee for the Brahmins that guard the sacred portal.
>
> Nothing can be more grand and impressive than when, on first throwing open the gate, this extraordinary scene bursts upon the sight. It would be difficult for those who have never seen a vast river precipitated down a rocky steep of considerable elevation, to form an adequate idea of such a spectacle, accompanied by a noise so tremendous that comparatively, all other sounds are but whispers. Upon the minds of Hindoos, who attach ideas of a religious nature to these objects, such scenes must operate with great effect, and powerfully stimulate their piety. Indeed their prostrations, and other antics of enthusiasm, on first beholding this tremendous object, are evident proofs of the intensity of their feelings".

CHAPTER TWO

In 1951 I had never heard of either Thomas or William Daniell. I remember an American friend telling me that there were some Daniell prints for sale at an auction house in Calcutta, and was I interested in them? I went to see them. There were about a dozen large aquatints there from "*Oriental Scenery*", a series by these artists. That was my first encounter with the Daniells, and I was immediately attracted to them.

Some time later I was given a coloured engraving called "*Part of Cheringhee, Calcutta*". It was quite small, the engraved surface being 9″ × 6½″ and it was dated the 1st of July, 1812. I remember driving up and down Chowringhee, to see if anything identifiable was still in existence. About the same time I was presented with the four volumes of the "*Memoirs of William Hickey*". I slowly read through this fascinating work, and it was after this that my interest in old Calcutta was aroused. The more one read about this city, founded in 1690 by Job Charnock, the more excited one became, and as my knowledge grew so did my interest in all aspects of Calcutta's turbulent history. Books I devoured ; documents and records I examined ; but I fell in love with Calcutta's pictures and began to collect them. They were mainly engravings, and I searched for them at auctions and in bookshops both in Calcutta and in Britain.

When William Hickey's "*Memoirs*" were first published in four volumes between 1913 and 1925 it became immediately apparent that these were a most important contribution to the literature on British India. The "*Memoirs*" were in the form of a diary and written with complete lack of inhibition regarding both his own experiences and those of his friends and acquaintances. After a hectic boyhood, not untinged with disgrace, he was sent out to India. He left England on the "Plassey" on the 4th of January 1769 and arrived at Madras in May 1769—two hundred years ago.

He loved life and women, and it would appear that they loved him equally well. His early urges led to his somewhat casual approach to his father's money. However, William

Hickey's story is a success story. He survived the rigours of the Indian climate and its lethal diseases for years, though many of his contemporaries succumbed, and he became a successful lawyer.

Dr. Berkeley-Hill, who established the first psychiatric institution in India at Ranchi in the early 1920s, wrote an autobiography. I well remember being struck by the opening lines of his book : "No autobiography can give a true picture of the writer unless he describes his sexual life, which is nearly always hidden from the outside world". So he proceeded to recount his sexual experiences from his earliest days as a youth in London and later, in India and East Africa, during the 1914-18 war. Engaging reading it makes too, and William Hickey, a brilliant raconteur, was equally frank. However, the value of his story is the faithful picture of the British in the India of that period and an honest appraisal of situations which involved him and his friends. It covers a period of nearly forty years, most of which is inextricably bound up with the history of the early days of Calcutta. He met the Daniells during their years 1785-1792, in Calcutta. The British population of Calcutta in those days was probably not much more than three hundred, and we can safely assume he knew most of them.

After his retirement to England, when he was past sixty years old, he wrote his story, unearthing events from the past and from the depths of his prodigious memory. The easy phrasing of his thoughts, never sparing himself, and often most kind to others, makes fascinating and compelling reading.

William Hickey was one of the direct forerunners of a leading law firm in India and Pakistan, Orr, Dignam & Co. Even as recently as 1967 his name was still found on the backsheets of their legal documents.

It was only a few weeks ago that I saw a pair of doors which came from the house that William Hickey once owned. They had been carefully removed, repaired and polished and are now in a private residence in Calcutta, where they are in constant use. A brass plate affixed to one of the doors is thus inscribed :

> This pair of doors, came from a house near the High Court of Calcutta, demolished in 1938, where William Hickey once lived.
>
> "In March I closed with Sir Robert Chambers, the Chief Justice for his elegant mansion, built by Mr Thomas Lyon, out of the very best materials".
>
> Memoirs of William Hickey1794.

CHAPTER THREE

Some time after I acquired my first little engraving of Calcutta I became aware that this was one from a "reduced" edition of *"Oriental Scenery"* by Thomas and William Daniell, published between 1812 and 1816. *"Oriental Scenery"* was itself large, having an engraved surface of 17″×24″ and the six volumes containing 144 aquatints were originally sold at 220 guineas. This was such a success that they decided to produce a smaller edition of exactly the same subjects. The reduced edition, engraved surface 6½″×9″, was offered at 18 guineas uncoloured and £22 coloured.

When I first began collecting I decided to restrict my collection to coloured engravings and aquatints of Calcutta and only to those executed between 1750 and 1850. However, many of the prints of Calcutta were part of volumes embodying material on India in general. In acquiring those of Calcutta one inevitably acquired a whole lot of others too. For example, there are six aquatints of Calcutta, which are part of Volume II of *"Oriental Scenery"* (Daniell, Thomas and William, 1795-1807, 144 Aquatints in six volumes of twenty four each). I first acquired three of the six and then bought the whole of Volume II in 1960 in order to acquire the other three. Finally in 1964 at Sothebys I took my courage in both hands and made a successful bid for the complete six volumes which the Duke of Bedford had put up for sale. I have also since purchased a *"Picturesque Voyage to India by Way of China"* and William Daniell's and Richard Ayton's *"Voyage Around Great Britain"*. The former has little to do with India and the latter nothing at all, but I mention them only to illustrate how involved one can become when collecting. And now I have an oil—"The Waterfall at Papanasam" the subject of which is a very long way from Calcutta.

Long before Papanasam came on the scene, my leisure activities began to lead one way or another, into the wider horizons of India. I did extensive tours by jeep. My collection of prints became more diverse. I wrote a few short articles on Calcutta's history, old buildings, racing and even bird watching in India. I became a

life member of the Calcutta Historical Society and wrote for its journal "*Bengal Past & Present*". Early mornings found me wandering about old cemeteries, instead of watching race horses at work. The Victoria Memorial with its magnificent collection of pictures, prints and relics of old Calcutta often found me on its premises. I learned more about the Daniells. I met Mildred and Bill Archer. I learned of William Hodges, who preceded the Daniells in India by a few years. In fact, imperceptibly, I had become involved with India.

It is difficult to put one's finger on the particular facet of India which captivated me—and maintained the pace of my continued and expanding interest. It must be mainly somewhere in its past—but it does not cease in 1857, the year of the Mutiny—nor in 1947, the year of Independence, nor indeed in these more recent tumultuous years of change. When I am away from India, I love aspects of the country which normally are a source of great frustration to me. It is not unreasonable to accept that in the case of England and India there exists a love-hate relationship. A friend of mine whose capacity for rationalisation is of the highest order, has interpreted this love-hate relationship in three possible ways. Firstly, a love-hate relationship means that you hate what you love, and also love what you hate. Secondly, that certain people love aspects of India and yet hate others. Thirdly, some people either do not care for India at all—finding in it something oddly antipathetic to their natures—or they love India with passion and devotion. My friend certainly belongs to the third category—and his love goes very deep—as did that of many of the people who ruled India for two hundred years.



CHAPTER FOUR

My introduction to the Waterfall at Papanasam began casually in London in May 1968 when I visited Mildred and Bill Archer. When one looks back on the sequence of events which led to the waterfall, I realise that it was at this point that it really began. The apparently unconnected threads were, unknown to me, being spun together.

The stories of Thomas and William Daniell, William Hodges, the journal "*Bengal Past & Present*", William Daniell's diary, the Rev. Caunter's account of their travels, Warren Hastings, Daylesford House, George Nesbitt Thompson, and my first and later meetings with Mildred and Bill Archer, are all related to one another and to Papanasam. Something of the story of each thread must be told at this stage at the risk of straying from the main theme.

The literature about Thomas and William was meagre until Thomas Sutton published a book devoted to them, and to William's brother Samuel. There were, however, many references to them in "*Bengal Past & Present*". Sir Evan Cotton, who died just before the war in 1939, was an authority on these two artists, and he often wrote about them in that journal of which he was the editor for some years. More recently, Mildred Archer has enriched our knowledge of the Daniells by her various articles.

Thomas and William Daniell, uncle and nephew, were English artists and travellers, who lived in India between the years 1785 and 1793. Their travels took them into many nearly inaccessible places and they journeyed extensively through the country in the days when cross-country movement was always a hazardous adventure. They were indefatigable workers, sketching and painting everything of interest.

There is some doubt about the ship in which they travelled to the East. According to "*Oriental Annual*", 1834, it was the Indiaman Atlas (763 tons) that Thomas and William travelled in, and which sailed from the Downs on the 7th of April, 1785 under the com-

mand of Captain Allen Cooper. His log contained no list of passengers, but no other voyage would fit the dates. His next voyage in 1787/88 took place when we know that Thomas and William were already in India. They arrived in the Whangpoo in China on the 23rd of August, 1785.

Thomas and William worked for several months in China, after which they embarked on a coastal vessel for Calcutta. Much of the work done during the voyage from London to Calcutta via Canton is recorded in "*A Picturesque Voyage to India by Way of China*" a set of fifty engravings. (Many of the original sketches were later followed by oils of the same subjects, which were shown at the Royal Academy.) They must have come from the Whangpoo to Bengal during the cold weather of 1785/1786.

Thomas was born in Chertsey, in Surrey, in which village his father was the landlord of "The Swan". William was his nephew, son of Thomas' brother William—who had yet another artist son Samuel, who never went to India. Samuel did, however, visit and paint in South Africa, and Ceylon where he died young.

(When I bought the eight volumes of William Daniell and Ayton's "*Voyage Around Great Britain*" I was intrigued to find that the seller lived in Chertsey. I wrote to him, pointing out that William Daniell was born there and that perhaps there might be a connection. Alas! I had a reply to say that he could find no connection at all. The eight volumes had come to him with his mother's effects and he did not know how she had acquired them.)

During their long voyage they visited many places and by reference to their known work and sketches we can with certainty map their course. Gravesend, Madeira, the Cape of Good Hope, Java Head, Anjere Point and Macao, and later Canton. There are many sketches of shipping done throughout the voyage, and there is one memorable one of a man who was washed overboard during a gale.

On their arrival in Calcutta, the two Daniells set to work and made drawings of Calcutta for a set of twelve aquatints entitled "*Views of Calcutta*" (1786-88). Two years passed in hard work, for Thomas had to do all the work himself. The series was successful, and is noteworthy as being the only one of that period actually printed in India.

During May of 1787 the "*Calcutta Chronicle*" reported that Mr. Daniell had finished six of the twelve "*Views of Calcutta*" and that the other six would follow shortly. When one looks at this set now—very rare they are, too—one sees the somewhat cramped style of the engraving and the deadness of the colouring. They are most certainly attractive though, and suffer only in comparison with "*Oriental Scenery*", done in later years in more spacious surroundings.

Their travels in India then began. They left Calcutta on the 29th of August, 1788. Cawnpore was reached by boat from Calcutta and they then proceeded overland to Delhi. (They used a "perambulator" to measure the mileage covered). Moghul monuments were everywhere and they sketched all the time. They were at the Taj Mahal on the 22nd of January, 1789. North of Delhi lay the Himalayas and towards these mountains they travelled. It is said they were the first Europeans to explore Garhwal (2nd May 1789) and William's diary is full of their reactions to the strange architecture and beauties around them. They then returned to the plains and finally back to Calcutta via Lucknow and Benares in early 1790.

After their return to Calcutta, they made an expedition south into the Sunderbans and then spent their time working up their sketches into oil paintings. No fewer than 150 of these were placed on exhibition in Calcutta at the Old Harmonic Tavern. The "*Calcutta Gazette*" of the 5th of January 1792 contains a proposal by Daniell for disposing of these pictures by means of a lottery and the draw took place on the 1st of March with very satisfactory financial results.

South India was the scene of their second adventure, which included Madras, Ceylon, Cape Comorin and Mysore. It was during this tour that the waterfall at Papanasam was visited, and later on we can follow their steps in more detail by reference to William's diary, the dated sketches, mainly in the P. & O Collection, and the *"Oriental Annual"*. When they returned to Madras again, many sketches were worked up into finished oils and watercolours, and the list of oils advertised for sale in the *"Madras Courier"* of the 23rd of March, 1793 is an impressive one.

On their way back to England they were delayed at Bombay by the outbreak of war between England and France. At that time James Wales, the artist, was working in Bombay and they used their time by travelling with him to Elephanta and Salsette. They did not visit Ellora with James Wales, however, who went there himself in February and March, 1795.

On their return to England in 1794 they began to engrave, taking their subjects from the masses of material they had brought back with them. They eventually produced the magnificent and monumental work entitled *"Oriental Scenery"*, This was published in six volumes, each containing twenty four aquatints. The beauties of this tremendous work cannot be exaggerated.

The original copper plates of *"Oriental Scenery"* seem to have disappeared. In 1939 Mr. Francis Edwards, the London bookseller, recollected that many years previously the original plates were sold in a London auction room and he believed they went to India. This is substantiated by Charles Cotton, who said that copies printed from these plates were once plentiful in Indian bookshops. In order to verify this I wrote letters to all the leading newspapers here, but had only two replies; one was from a man who stated that he had seen one volume of the plates in the Bombay branch of the Asiatic Society and the other from a woman who said that her husband's grandfather, a well-known liberal figure of the last century, had purchased the lot. In point of fact, both these persons made the mistake of supposing that I was looking for engravings and not the original copper plates from which the engravings were made; so the matter stands as it has for many years. I myself am convinced that the original copper plates never came to India. If they did, then prints from them were never made. Amongst the many people who should know, I have never met anyone who has bought what can be considered a recent print during the last fifty years. Those that appear from time to time in India are old (and usually damaged) and their watermarks substantiate their old age. However, when I visited Francis Edwards' shop in February 1969, Mr. H. S. Edwards, who is the nephew of Francis Edwards, said that although he cannot recall the statement attributed to his uncle, he feels it could be true as his late uncle had an excellent memory.

In addition to their labours on *"Oriental Scenery"*, their brushes were continuously busy on oils and watercolours. Thomas's recorded contributions to the exhibits at the Royal Academy number 125, and ten were shown at the gallery of the British Institute. William's contributions were also numerous.

The last volume of *"Oriental Scenery"* consists of aquatints after the drawings of James Wales, done while he travelled with the Daniells to Elephanta and Salsette.

The Daniells' output of oils, watercolours and engravings was prodigious—both of the eastern (particularly Indian) subjects—but also those of Great Britain. Both Thomas and William were artists of extraordinary merit. Thomas became an R.A. in 1799 and William in 1822.

Susan Wales, the artist's daughter, went to Europe in 1798 in the same vessel as Sir Charles Malet, the well-known Resident at Poona; and they were married in the following year. Lady Malet died in 1868 at the age of ninety six. Three of her sons were in the Bombay Civil Service and a fourth Octavius Ware Malet served in Bengal from 1831 to 1864. All

of them lived to be over eighty and one of them, Hugh Poynts Malet (1808-1904), emulated his mother by reaching the age of ninety six.

The Malets got the Daniells to work upon Wales' drawings after his death in November 1795.

Quotations from the following letters illustrate the enormous industry of the Daniells.

Letter to Ozias Humphrey, R. A. from Thomas Daniell dated the 7th of November, 1788, from Calcutta.

"My dear Friend :—

Your kind letter on the Airly as well as the former one by the Madras ship I have had the good fortune to receive. Accept my best thanks for them. Believe me, I most sincerely rejoice to find you are settled in old England so much to your satisfaction and in good health; excuse my confessing that I cannot help envying you so good an account as you give me of the present state of the Arts at home is highly pleasureable to me.

The Lord be praised, at length I have completed my twelve "*Views of Calcutta*". The fatigue I have experienced in this undertaking has almost worn me out. I am advised to make a trip up the country with flattering assurance that my health would be improved by it. I am now very near Patna in a good strong roomy Pinnace where I can paint or draw quite comfortably. I think I shall not repent this excursion and will do my best to give you some account of it in my next.

By Mr. Begby of the William Pitt Indiaman, I send you the Calcutta views which you promised to do me the honour of accepting. It will appear a very poor performance in your land I fear. You must look upon it as a Bengalee work. You know, I was obliged to stand Painter, Engraver, Coppersmith, Printer and Printers Devil myself. It was a devilish undertaking but I was determined to get through it at all events". (*Bengal Past & Present*, Vol. 35, 1928).

Letter from William Baillie to Ozias Humphery, R.A. from Calcutta dated the 23rd of November 1793.

"Mr. Thomas Daniell after a three years excursion in which he went up to Sirinagur in the Bootan hills and visited Delhi, Agra, etc., returned to Calcutta 20 months ago with a collection of about 150 pictures which he set on foot a lottery for. It has not quite filled however; those that fell to himself as prizes he carried to Madras where he disposed of them and some others in the same way. He made an excursion thro' the Mysore country, etc. and came back no doubt with a vast collection—I need not say how correct and elegant. From Madras I understand he was to cross over to the Malabar coast on to Bombay and from there home by way of Egypt or Bussora. I trust for the sake of the Arts as well as for himself he will arrive safe (with his nephew) and bring all his store with him. What an acquisition, an invaluable measure, for George the 3rd to possess!" (*Bengal Past & Present*, Vol. 35, 1928).

Eight bound volumes of the correspondence of Ozias Humphrey are preserved in the Library of the Royal Academy. They were presented by his natural son William Upcott, whose house in Upper Street, Islington (where he died in 1845) was known as Autograph Cottage. Seven of the volumes contain letters received between 1753 and 1810. The two letters quoted above are from Volume IV, and are part of seven letters written to Humphrey by friends in Bengal between 1788 and 1795.

Humphrey arrived in Calcutta in the Indiaman Frances in August 1786, and he sailed for Europe in the Earl of Oxford in March 1787. He left behind him a pending suit in

the Supreme Court against Sir John Macpherson for the recovery of the fees for pictures painted at Lucknow. This was decided against him in 1798.

Thomas and William Daniell have occupied the last few pages, because it is important that we know as much as possible about them.

Thomas Sutton's book on the Daniells and Mildred Archer's various articles have brought the work of these two artists into prominence and have shown us that the two men were quite extraordinary people. They were intrepid, tireless adventurers and artists of considerable stature, a rare combination of qualities. They travelled all over India, and were single minded in their purpose, which was to present India pictorially. The extent of their endeavours can be imagined when one realises that "The Rope Bridge at Seringer" and "Cape Comorin", both of which they sketched and painted, are separated by 2,500 miles. They traversed this distance on foot, in palanquins, in ox carts, and on horseback, in small boats along rivers and canals, and by sea from Calcutta to Madras. At this time the source of the Nile was a mystery and Africa was a completely dark continent; India itself was a land of irregular wars, unhealthy climatic conditions and with no personal security in the hinterland. And Captain Cook had set foot upon Australian soil only eight years before.

The physical effort involved in the work of the Daniells must have been literally breathtaking. One can imagine that at the end of a day which would have exhausted the average man, William sat up to bring his diary up to date, whilst Thomas put finishing touches to a picture or two. Then they must have summoned their staff and made plans for the following day.

They had developed a routine and an allocation of work in order to produce the maximum results. William's diary tells us that they had the type and number of staff to take care of the mechanics and the needs of travel, and this must have released them from the routine daily chores which would inevitably have encroached upon their time.

The Daniells used various kinds of paper varying in texture and weight. The predominating watermarks were "G.R.", "I. Taylor", "Whatman" and "Portal & Bridges". Their porters must have carried heavy loads of paper, and we know that at least one stage of their travels, when they were cut off from the normal sources of supplies, they ran out of pencils, and five dozen were sent to them at Matura from Fategar.

William mentions "two drawing tables" in listing the equipment carried on their expeditions. Much of the drawing would have been done at these tables, upon which they must have placed the camera obscura which many artists used. The camera obscura is a contraption in the shape of a box, one of its six sides being open and covered by a curtain. A reflector above the box projects the subject on to a sheet of paper or canvas placed flat on the base of the box. The reflection can then be outlined in pencil.

It would have been natural for William to do the preparatory work, the original tracings through the camera obscura and stretching canvasses. William remarks in his diary "this morning I strained the canvas about 6 ft. × 4 ft. for the view we took yesterday". William, there is no doubt, took the part of an apprentice in the early part of the work with Thomas. He appears to have been responsible for the "dead" colouring, which consisted of applying a thin wash of a basic colour, usually pale grey or sepia, over the paper upon which the sketch had already been done in pencil. We can assume that the sequence of work was probably always something like this. A pencil sketch was made with or without the help of the camera obscura. Some of the sketches would be colour washed in basic colours as so many in the P & O and the Victoria Memorial collections are. One or two would be worked up into full blown water colours. Later on they would chose a subject which had particularly enchanted them and an oil would be done of it.

The pencil outlines on thin paper and canvasses were rudimentary and basic, and the real work began after that. There was the balancing of the picture, the definition, the

shading, the emphasis here, the refinement there, the subtle personality and imprint of the artist himself. Details of figures, special colouring, the addition or the abstraction of subject matter would almost certainly have been done by Thomas. Later on as William gained experience, many sketches, some watercolours and oils would be done entirely by him. The first two volumes of "*Oriental Scenery*" published from 1795 to 1797 are described as "Drawn and Engraved by Thomas Daniell" but not so volumes three to six which are described as being "Drawn and Engraved by Thomas and William Daniell".

There is a picture entitled "The Daniells at Work" by William which is produced in Sutton's book opposite page 32. In this picture there is a folding stool, a stretched canvas, five attendants erecting a canopy, presumably to protect them from the rain or sun. Thomas is sketching a scene holding the canvas or paper before him—a river flows below them and there are ramparts of a fort in the hills beyond the river. William is looking into the distance through a spy glass. They were extraordinary men—with the quality which goes down to posterity.



CHAPTER FIVE

In 1962, when I was living in Onslow Square, I walked to the Victoria and Albert Museum one sunny summer morning to see Dr. Archer. I wanted very much to know why some of the Daniell aquatints of "*Oriental Scenery*" were on soft thin paper and others, the majority, on stiff, board-like paper. There were no other differences, apart from the consistency of the paper. Both lots of watermarks were early and the paper by Whatman. We discussed the possibilities at length, but without arriving at any definite conclusions. I remember too, that we talked about Mukul Dey, whom we both knew, and who is probably the only engraver of note in India today. Dr. Archer and I did not meet again until 1968, when this story really begins.

Earlier I have said that I received two letters in reply to my query about the final fate of the Daniell copper plates—one of these was from a man in Delhi named H. I. S. Kanwar who has the most beautiful handwriting. We corresponded about various matters in connection with old India, during which he referred to an article on Dum Dum in "*Bengal Past & Present*". It was thus that I first heard of The Calcutta Historical Society and its journal. The Hony. Secretary, Professor Nisith Ray, combines his normal work with that of Secretary from his house in St. Paul's College, Amherst Street. I went to see him and became a member. Looking through old volumes of the journal I realised what a mine of information they are. It was started in 1907, and the inaugural meeting of the Calcutta Historical Society took place at the Town Hall on Saturday, the 17th of April, 1907 at 5.30 p.m. with the Hon. Sir Francis Maclean, K.C.I.E., Chief Justice of Bengal, in the chair.

A resolution was adopted which reads "The programme of work which the Society has adopted is enormous. For it will be our business not only to investigate the records of the past, but to stay the hand of Father Time as that reckless old person wipes his ruthless sponge over the slate on which we, the Calcutta men of today, are calculating the problems of our daily life. 'Lest they forget' is to be as much our motto as 'Lest we forget'. Old houses are not to be suffered to disappear before they have been immortalised by our

photographs, and a vigilant eye is to be kept over every crumbling ruin which may perchance point a moral or adorn a tale. We are not only a Historical Society but a Society which hopes to make the history of our own Calcutta of today a simpler task for the historian of the future."

It was therefore not unnatural that I should begin to collect all the old volumes I could lay my hands on, and quite recently I acquired the last missing volume with the help of my kind friend the Hony. Secretary, Mr. Nisith Ray.

Very soon I had become involved in the Society, whose membership had been sadly depleted by the passage of time, and had now nothing like the list of glittering names which adorned the early issues. And I contributed an article, "*Engravings of Old Calcutta*". The following year I contributed "*More Engravings of Old Calcutta*" and in connection with this I visited Mildred Archer at the India Office Library in London. It was our first meeting and she was most kind to me. We found that we had mutual friends and she asked me to her home for dinner and to meet her husband again.

That evening they showed me their collection of prints and paintings of India. Amongst them were three very beautiful oils by William Hodges. They were of Indian subjects—and before I go further with this story, a word about Hodges would be appropriate, because Hodges also led me to Papanasam.



CHAPTER SIX

William Hodges was the only child of a blacksmith who kept a small shop in St. James's Market, which is to the west of Lower Regent Street, between Jermyn Street and Piccadilly Circus. He was born in 1744. He displayed an early aptitude for drawing and the artist Richard Wilson, R.A. took him as a pupil and assistant. He learned quickly and between 1766 and 1772 he exhibited pictures at the Society of Artists. He next obtained the post of draughtsman on Captain Cook's second voyage of discovery. He returned from that tremendously exciting voyage in 1775 and his employment was continued for some time by the Admiralty to finish his drawings and superintend the engraving of them for the published account of the voyage. In 1776 and the following year he sent pictures to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

Hodges was married first on the 11th of May 1776 to Miss Martha Nesbitt, who died in childbed within a year, and having lost his wife, he determined to try his fortune in India.

He reached Madras in 1780, for the list of inhabitants of that place, dated the 28th of February, 1780, includes his name as a recent arrival. The Hyder Ali war thwarted his plan to visit the interior of the Carnatic and in February 1781, he embarked for Bengal with the intention of returning to England, as his health had begun to fail. However, a short stay in Calcutta so improved his health that he decided to remain there, particularly as Warren Hastings, Governor General of India, became an ardent admirer of his work. During the rest of Hodges' stay in India, Warren Hastings proved a sturdy supporter and a munificent patron.

In April 1781, Hodges went, by way of Murshedabad, to Monghyr. At Bhagalpur he met Augustus Cleveland with whom he stayed for some time. He worked incessantly there. Soon after his return to Calcutta, he set out on his memorable journey to Benares and was a member of the party which included Warren Hastings and George Nesbitt

Thompson. He shared in the flight to Chunar which followed the temporarily successful revolt of the Rajah against the British at Benares, and he returned to that city with Warren Hastings at the end of September 1781. The party quitted Benares at the end of the year and reached Bhagalpur early in January 1782. There the painter took leave of Warren Hastings and explored the country around. He stayed with Augustus Cleveland for four months and painted diligently. Cleveland also patronised Hodges and when the formers' effects were sold in Calcutta after his premature death they included no less than twenty-one paintings by Hodges. The "*Calcutta Gazette*" of the 9th of January, 1784, lists these paintings by name. Augustus Cleveland is buried in the South Park Street cemetery in Calcutta.

In the cold weather of late 1782, having recovered from a fever of long duration, he obtained permission to proceed to Agra and Delhi. He travelled by way of Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore and Lucknow to Etawa where he joined Major Brown's party. At the end of April 1783 he proceeded to Gwalior where he met David Anderson and his brother James, who were engaged in negotiating with Scindia the Mahratta leader. Hodges then became ill and journeyed to Lucknow where Claude Martin took him into his house and nursed him back to health. Leaving his kind host in the middle of July 1783, Hodges proceeded to Benares and Buxor and made an excursion to Sasaram to sketch the mausoleum of Sher Shah. He reached Calcutta on the 24th of September 1783 after an absence of eight and a half months. He then decided to return to England and a passage was secured on the "Worcester" which was to carry home Sir Elijah Impey and his family. They reached England on the 10th of June 1784.

Before leaving Calcutta Hodges presented to the East India Company five oils painted in Agra, Gwalior and Lucknow. The Treasury levied customs duty and the company refused to accept them. What became of these treasures is unknown.

It is alleged that Hodges brought back a fortune from India but there is no evidence of this whatsoever. He was married for the second time to Lydia Wright on the 16th of October, 1784, only to lose this wife after a very short time. He settled in Queen Street, Mayfair. Later Hodges did what the Daniells, several years later, also did—he published a series of engravings from the sketches he had brought back. These were in two series of twenty four plates each, "*Select Views in India*". The whole work cost £18 unbound and £20 bound. He was also busily engaged in making pictures in oils from the same sketches and between 1785 and 1788 he exhibited at the Academy no less than twenty two Indian views. He was created an Associate R.A. in 1786 and a full R.A. in 1789.

William Hodges was always ready to travel and see fresh countries. About 1790 he toured the Continent and visited St. Petersburg. After this he turned his attention to writing an account of his experiences in the East which was published in 1793 under the title of "*Travels in India, 1780-83*". As illustrations he reproduced fifteen of his own pictures. Eight of the pictures belonged at that time to Warren Hastings. When the latter sold his house in Park Lane he sent eleven of the Hodges' paintings to Christie's for sale and was most disappointed when they fetched only £125, declaring that he would have burned them rather than let them go for such a miserable price. Others he evidently retained, for there were several at Daylesford at the time of his death.

Hodges was married for the third time to a Miss Carr and by his third wife he had five children. He settled in Dartmouth and with some associates he opened a bank. This came to grief and he died by his own hand, on 6th of March 1797 having taken an overdose of laudanum. His wife's brother wrote to Warren Hastings and with the old Governor General's usual kindness and generosity he helped the family. One of Hodges' sons, Henry William born on the 8th of November 1788, was given a cadetship, and arrived at Madras in 1807.

William Hodges was a great artist but it is only now after two hundred years that his genius is being recognised.

Martin Hardie in his "*English Coloured Books*" writes regarding Hodges' work—"His sketches are bold and coloured by hand with a freedom that makes them practically original water colours. The colouring indeed serves to supress rather than employ and accentuate the aquatint ground".

Coloured copies of this work "*Select Views in India*" are somewhat scarce but are the only ones worth having, the uncoloured (printed in sepia) being little more than a basis to work on in colouring, on which their artistic value principally depends.

Now to return to the main stream of this story.

Dr. and Mrs. Archer told me there was an oil by William Hodges for sale at Frank Sabin's in Albemarle Street, the subject being the Kattra Masjid in Murshedabad and they thought I might be interested in it. I went along to see this picture but my eye was immediately caught by another oil painting leaning against the wall in the same room. It was the "Waterfall at Papanasam" by Thomas Daniell. It is difficult to convey the dramatic quality of this picture to someone who has not actually seen it. Its impact upon me was so great that I abandoned all thought of acquiring the Hodges and concentrated on the Daniell. Unfortunately, at that time it was on offer to a "valued client". As I was leaving for Italy that night, it was suggested that I should telephone when I returned ten days later and if it had not been purchased, then I could have it. This, in point of fact, is what happend; but I had many anxious moments during the ten-day interval.

There was another oil by Thomas Daniell at Frank Sabin's that day. It was of Fort St. George, Madras. All three paintings had come from Daylesford House, the old home of Warren Hastings, which he bought after his retirement from India. The reference to the church spire at Fort St. George, later on, is in connection with this picture.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Dr. Archer came out to Calcutta during the monsoon of 1968. It was yet another sentimental journey, revisiting places and people whom he had known during his administrative years in India, and we saw a great deal of one another. India is at its best during the cold weather and very few people visit this part of the world from choice during the monsoon.

Bill Archer told me that he wanted to see Bengal in the subdued clouded light of the rains, the large clouds varying in colour from almost black to the palest of greys, which superimpose pastel shades on the basic colours of the countryside. From his point of view he could not have chosen a better monsoon because I myself cannot remember a wetter one. Calcutta, which tends to be flooded by an average day's monsoon rainfall, was deep in water for several days on end during his visit. When we visited Mr. P. N. Talukdar's house one evening, we had to wade to his front door. Mr. Talukdar has about a dozen or more Daniell oils, all in superb condition. It is the best collection in India, with the exception of course, of that in the Victoria Memorial in Calcutta.

Bill Archer and I spent a long weekend at Berhampore and Murshedabad. We set off one very wet morning and drove north along the National Highway, which runs from Calcutta towards Jalpaiguri and the Himalayas. We had our first puncture literally at the gates of the Dak bungalow at Plassey, where there is a monument to the victory which changed the course of British Indian history. We had our picnic lunch there, and then drove on to Berhampore, where we stayed at the Circuit House. Our accommodation had been arranged by the Maharajkumar S. C. Nundy of Cossimbazar. It is at Cossimbazar that an early British factory was established, a short distance from Berhampore. Warren Hastings was posted there.

That evening we drove in the direction of Murshedabad, and it was Bill Archer who pointed out to me, through the rain soaked atmosphere, the ruins of the Kattra Masjid which had been painted by William Hodges. We wandered about the ruins with our



Daylesford/Shellim Oil (Page 32, No. 4)



Burdwan Oil
(Page 32, No. 6)



Distant View
(before the dams were built)
Photographed 1935

umbrellas groaning under the torrents of water which fell upon them, ankle deep in slush, with our driver Kissin Singh and my bearer Krishna obviously astonished at what I know they considered to be an insane melodrama. This was heightened by the fact that the only living creature we met throughout the hour we spent at the Kattra, was a cow! The only reason the cow was there was because it was tethered to a stake by a length of grass rope, and was unable to escape.

The Kattra Masjid was built by Mushed Kuli Khan in 1723. There is a coloured view of it in Hodges' "*Select Views in India*". It is said to have at one time held two storied cells for 700 Koran readers. It is interesting to compare Hodges' print, on the one hand, and the oil on the other, with the photograph published in the July 1909 number of "*Bengal Past and Present*". There is little difference in the obvious deterioration caused by time and the elements. Having examined the interior, soaked but fascinated, we eventually decided on the point from which Hodges drew the original sketch for the Kattra.

(As a result of this visit I wrote to Frank Sabin and asked if the Kattra Masjid was still available. It was, and so I purchased that too.)

When we visited the cemetery at Berhampore we found it to be a complete ruin—there was scarcely a piece of marble left—all having been removed by the local inhabitants, for grinding masalas (spices). We were unable to identify much—it was so overgrown with orange lantana. It contains the tombs of Colin Shakespeare, a cousin of W. M. Thackeray; Henry Creighton an early authority on Gaur and its ruins; Captain James Skinner (1773) the paternal uncle of the celebrated man who raised Skinner's Horse; and George Thomas, the Irish Commander of Begum Sumroos' levies. He became "Raja" of Hariana, and died in 1802 after being defeated by one of Peron's French generals.

In the English cemetery at Cossimbazar lie the first Mrs. Warren Hastings (previously the wife of Captain John Buchanan) and her infant daughter.

Murshedabad, next to Calcutta, was the most important city in Bengal, and I speak for the historian of course. It was the cradle of British rule in the province and is associated with some of the most stirring events in the story of India. It was in 1710 that Mushed Kuli Khan, a converted Brahmin, moved his capital there from Dacca. The name of the place was originally Muxadabad. The main industries are silk and ivory carving. The Bagirhati river, a tributary of the Ganges, which was now swollen and muddy with the monsoon, has always been intimately associated with Murshedabad and Berhampore. It was the main line of communication between these two early British settlements and Calcutta to the south, and Monghyr, Lucknow and Benares to the north.

Our visit to the Newab of Murshedabad's palace the following day was extremely interesting. Bill Archer, whose knowledge of British India is encyclopaedic, was at home with old acquaintances hanging in gilt frames from the walls of the vast public rooms. He was particularly interested in the fact that Hutchisson, whose lithographs of the "*Siege of Bharatpur*" (Sixteen sketches illustrative of the Seige and Capture of Bharatpur, London 1826) are well known, had done some oils as well, and we saw them there. Apparently these had not been recorded before.

Another discovery of great interest, particularly to me, was that there were several oils by Hudson, one of whose pictures I have. There were four oils of the Newab Nasir Hamayayid in his youth, and some others of the children Wala Kadi and Ali Kadi, one of whom was the great grandfather of the present Newab of Murshedabad. The children were painted twice, there being about two years between the two groups of pictures—judging from their looks and height. We obtained the date of their births from the records office, and it is pretty definite that R. Hudson was in India between 1854 and 1856 and painted members of both the Burdwan and Murshedabad families.

On the morning we left, Bill discovered that Humayan Kabir, whom he had known when he was at Oxford, and who was a politician of great integrity and foresight, was staying at the Circuit House. So we breakfasted together—a very pleasant and stimulating repast.

Our return journey was uneventful except for the wet and slush and the refusal of lorries to get off the road to let us pass. This was not due to selfishness on their drivers' part. It was because any vehicle moving off the concrete or tarred road, was frequently unable to get on again because of the slippery quagmire in which it found itself. Ten miles from Calcutta we had our second puncture. My driver Kissin Singh was in disgrace as he had omitted to bring a jack. We had no luck with passing lorries, whose drivers all claimed that their jacks were unsuitable for my 1951 Ford Pilot. Rescue appeared from an unexpected quarter. A boy said there was a garage not far down the road, and he would summon help for us. True to his word, he returned with a couple of mechanics in a cycle rickshaw laden with bricks. The car was manually lifted, the bricks inserted under and the wheel was changed in minutes. So all was well in the end, and we arrived back somewhat damp but greatly stimulated by our adventure.



CHAPTER EIGHT

When I returned to Calcutta in June 1968 after having purchased the "Waterfall at Papanasam" I recalled that there was a large oil of a waterfall by Thomas Daniell belonging to the Maharaja of Burdwan and I went to have another look at it. To my delight I found that this was a distant view of the same water fall. Bill Archer also reminded me that the Victoria Memorial had yet another "Waterfall at Papanasam" by Thomas Daniell. I had seen this picture many times but had never quite taken in the title. It was in a corner of a large room—paintings by Thomas Daniell there being hung in two rows—and it was in the upper row on the far right—well above eye level.

Having discovered that there were three oils of the waterfall, I began to re-examine the literature and to search for other versions of the waterfall and the environs by the same painter. It was in February 1969 that I returned to London for three weeks and during that time and with the help of Mildred and Bill Archer I discovered that, astonishingly enough, there seem to be fifteen versions by the Daniells in various media. I realised that it was not only I who was enraptured by this particular subject. Warren Hastings had been, the very influential Burdwan family had been, and the best museum of its kind in India, the Victoria Memorial, includes it in its collection of Daniell oils. The Daniells themselves had produced no fewer than fifteen versions of the waterfall and the surrounding area.

The fifteen versions of the Waterfall at Papanasam and its environs are possibly all by Thomas Daniell (though William must have done some of the colour washes and pencil drawings) and consist of three oils, one watercolour, three engravings, four pencil and wash sketches and four pencil drawings.

1. "Distant View of Papanasam, Madras," inscribed and dated August 1, 1792. Pencil and wash 18″×26½″. In the possession of the P & O Steam Navigation Company. Shown at the "Daniells in India" Exhibition, Commonwealth Institute, London, from 26.8.60 to 25.9.60; arranged by Mildred Archer. (P & O Distant View).

2. "Waterfall at Papanasam, Madras"—2nd August 1792. Inscribed with date. Pencil and wash 16"×22". Shown at the "Daniells in India" Exhibition, Commonwealth Institute. It was also shown at the Daniell Exhibition arranged by Mildred Archer for the Smithsonian Travelling Exhibition Service, Washington, D.C. in November 1962.

This sketch is owned by the P & O Steam Navigation Company and is the original sketch for the aquatint in "*Oriental Scenery*" Part IV No. 2 and the "*Oriental Annual*" of 1834, page 62. (P & O Close View).

3. An oil 4' 2¼" × 3' 3"—"The Waterfall at Papanasam". This was part of the George Lyell collection of ten Daniell oils, presented to the Victoria Memorial, Calcutta, in 1932 by Mrs Lyell after the death of her husband, who was head of Macneill & Co., Calcutta. This picture may have been exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1800 (R.A. Cat No. 17). See "*Bengal Past & Present*" Vol 34 page 65 and Vol. 35 page 182 (Lyell/Victoria Memorial Oil).

4. An oil 3¼'×2½' from the Warren Hastings collection which was sold at Sothebys by the Kingham Hill Trust in 1968 to Frank T. Sabin, and finally sold to me in June 1968.

This picture had been at Daylesford House, the home of Warren Hastings, until acquired by the Kingham Hill Trust. It is probable that it was shown at the Royal Academy in 1800 (Daylesford/Shellim Oil).

(The Kingham Hill Trust was founded by the Baring Youngs who bought the house about 1890 and left their fortune to the Kingham Hill Educational Trust, which must be how some of the paintings originally belonging to Warren Hastings came to belong to the Kingham Hill Trust.)

5. Aquatint from "*Oriental Scenery*"—Engraved September 1797—Part IV No. 2 (Aquatint).

6. An oil 6'×4'6"—"The Waterfall at Papanasam in Tinnevelley District, Madras", exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1812. (R.A. Cat No. 221). It was sold to James C. Lyell (Not to be confused with George Lyell) from whom it was acquired by the Burdwan family. Now in possession of the Maharajadhiraja of Burdwan, K.C.I.E., in Calcutta (Burdwan Oil).

7. A watercolour 18¾"×24½". In possession of the British Museum. (A reproduction is published in Sutton's book on the Daniells, p. 44). Here is the description from the "*British Museum Catalogue*". "Waterfall in India. View looking up a river with steep rock and wooded banks between which at some distance, it foams down into a great fall into a basin then broken by a lower fall, flows softly into the left foreground under higher rocks on which are two natives, one with spear and shield". Watercolour over Indian Ink, Atlas size 18¾"×24½". Purchased at the Percy Sale, May 1890. The rock carvings do not appear in this and may be immediately to the right of the falls obscured by the hills. (British Museum Watercolour).

8. Engraving for the "*Oriental Annual*" of 1834 p. 62 (Engraving).

9. "View taken from the top of Papanasam." July 31, 1792. 9"×14" (Pencil drawing. Royal Institute of British Architects, London).

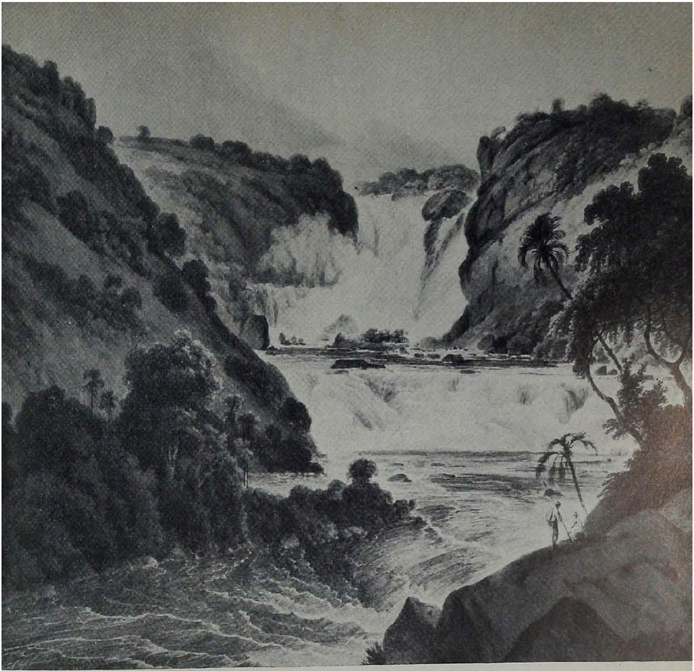
10. "View with rest houses and stream by Papanasam." July 31, 1792. 8"×14" (Pencil drawing, Royal Institute of British Architects, London).

11. "Temple and rest houses beside the falls, Papanasam." 2nd August 1792. 14½"×21" (Pencil drawing, Royal Institute of British Architects, London. Monkey Temple).

12. "Waterfall with carved rocks in foreground." Pencil drawing 14½"×21" (Royal Institute of British Architects, London. Bas Relief).

13. Engraving from Reduced Edition of "*Oriental Scenery*".

14. "Waterfall of Vannar Turthoom about twenty five miles from Papanasam." Inscribed on Verso Aug. 3, 1792. (Colourwash, P & O Collection). These falls are on the upper reaches of the Tambrapani River upon which, later, are the Falls of Papanasam.



British Museum Watercolour
(Page 32, No. 7)



Distant View
(after Dams were built in 1938)
Photographed 1969



Engraving from reduced edition of "Oriental Scenery" (*Page 32, No. 13*)

Engraving from "Oriental Annual" (*Page 32, No. 8*)



15. "Waterfall at Vannar Turthoom." Colourwash dated August 1792 in private hands (Sutton Page 77).

The fifteen versions of "Papanasam" can be divided into three groups : (1) a distant view of the waterfall (2) a close view and (3) in the vicinity of the waterfall. Items 1, 6, 7 and 13 belong to the first group ; 2, 3, 4, 5 and 8 to the second and 9, 10, 11, 12, 14 and 15 to the third group. The versions of the distant view are much the same and those of the close view too, except for significant small details. In the Lyell/Victoria Memorial oil there are two figures on a rock above the fall—and each one differs in the number of devotees before the bas relief.

The George Lyell oil (No. 3) now in the Victoria Memorial, Calcutta, came into its possession as follows : (*Bengal Past & Present* Vol. 34, p. 65 and p. 132, 1927) :—

> "Mrs. George Lyell, the widow of a former head of the great Calcutta firm of Macneill and Company, has intimated her intention of bequeathing to the Victoria Memorial Hall her husband's valuable collection of paintings, engravings and books relating to India : and the trustees have accepted the offer. Included in the bequest are ten oil-paintings by Thomas and William Daniell, of whose art Mr. Lyell was a great admirer. An interesting history attaches these paintings, and of which an account was very recently given in "*Bengal Past and Present*". These pictures were once the property of George Nesbitt Thompson, the private secretary and lifelong friend of Warren Hastings ; and were purchased in 1908 and 1909 by the late Mr. George Lyell from Colonel Cecil du Pre Powney, of Brambridge Hall, Winchester. Colonel Powney's father, Edward Penton Thompson (1803-1890) who assumed the surname of Powney in 1876 upon succeeding to the estates of his uncle, the Rev. Henry Powney, was one of the sons of George Nesbitt Thompson and a member of the Madras Civil Service from 1822-1852."

Dr. Archer, when he came out during the monsoon of 1968 was of the opinion that the Daylesford/Shellim oil (No. 4) is in style identical with that of the oil "Fort St. George" which was sold at the same time, at Sothebys, to Frank Sabin. As both came from the Warren Hastings collection, he inferred that the two were acquired by Warren Hastings at the same time for the same reason. He had a habit of collecting paintings of private and pleasing associations, and he had been posted in Madras Presidency.

Dr. Archer thought that No. 4 (Daylesford/Shellim oil) and the Fort St. George were early, and painted in India. The date of the Fort St. George oil could be between 1792 and 1794 because in it the church has no spire. We know that a spire was added in 1795 and was included in the version done by William Daniell in 1833. The Daniells were in South India until August 1793, and many of their paintings were sold at the Madras Lottery in February 1793. The likeliest dates for both, assuming they were contemporary, are some time between August 1792, when Thomas did the two dated sketches, and February 1793 when the Madras Lottery took place. We agreed that my picture (No. 4) is the smallest of the three oils of the Waterfall ($3\frac{1}{4}' \times 2\frac{1}{2}'$) smaller than the George Lyell (No. 3) at the Victoria Memorial ($4'\ 2\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3'\ 3''$) and very much smaller than (No. 6) the Burdwan oil, ($6' \times 4'\ 6''$). It seemed logical that the smallest (No. 4) was painted in India after the 2nd of August, 1792, and before early 1793 because it was simpler to paint a small canvas than a larger one, when travelling.

Warren Hastings was succeeded by Lord Cornwallis in 1786, and left India. He might, however, have acquired these two pictures through an agent in India possibly at the Madras Lottery in February 1793, or he may have acquired them from the original purchaser who had brought them to England some time later. The Waterfall was then shown at the Royal Academy in 1800.

These inferences seemed quite logical and simple until a few days later when I saw that it was the Lyell/Victoria Memorial oil (No. 3) which had been shown at the Royal Academy in 1800. (see "*Bengal Past & Present*" Vol. 34, p. 182 and "*Walker's Quarterly*" 1932 Nos. 35 and 36—Appendix "*Royal Academy Lists*"). And when I finally obtained a photostat copy of the advertisement for the Madras Lottery which appeared in the "*Madras Courier*" of December 20th and 27th, 1792 I found that the advertisement in fact lists a "Waterfall at Papansam" and states its size—4′ 2″×3′ 3″—the same size as the Lyell/Victoria Memorial oil (No. 3).

Quite obviously then, if there are only two close view oils in existence, the Lyell/Victoria Memorial oil must be the same as that sold at the Madras Lottery in March, 1793.

Taking everything we know into consideration now, there seem to be two possibilities. One is that Warren Hastings acquired the Lyell/Victoria Memorial oil, which had been sold in the Madras Lottery and had it brought to Daylesford House. He then commissioned a second version—the Daylesford/Shellim oil—and one of the two was shown at the Royal Academy in 1800. The original oil was then presented to George Nesbitt Thompson, his secretary and lifelong friend, through whom it eventually passed into the possession of the Victoria Memorial, as we know.

The second possibility is that Warren Hastings acquired both the Madras Fort St. George and the Daylesford/Shellim oil first in 1792/93 (neither of which is listed in the Madras Lottery) and that he acquired the Lyell/Victoria Memorial oil later, via the Madras Lottery in 1793, presenting it to George Nesbitt Thompson. One of the two Waterfalls was then shown at the Royal Academy in 1800.

Identifying and authenticating the work of artists is comparatively easy, but dating them extremely tiresome. How easy it would be for posterity if artists signed and dated all their work clearly.

The third oil of this subject is a distant view of the waterfall shown at the Royal Academy in 1812 (No. 6). I expect it was painted because of the popularity of the subject. It found its way together with others into the possession of the Maharajadhiraja of Burdwan at an auction in January 1928. These were originally painted in the first instance for Mr. Charles Hampden Turner (1772-1856) of "Rooksnest" near Godstone in Surrey. He was a well-known bibliophile and patron of the arts, whose family still own his fine collection of miniatures and drawings by Ozias Humphrey. He was a partner in the cable company firm of Huddart & Co. and owned, or part-owned several Indiamen. No less than thirtyone oil paintings by Thomas or William Daniell were commissioned or bought by him: but their existence was not known until they were sold by auction in January 1928 by order of his great-grandson. The distant view of the Waterfall at Papanasam, the large Burdwan oil (No. 6) was part of this collection and was purchased by the present Maharaja's father. Although many paintings were presented to the Victoria Memorial, this large oil is still at the Burdwan Palace in Calcutta.

CHAPTER NINE

George Nesbitt Thompson, from whom one of the oils (No. 3) eventually came to the Victoria Memorial, first went out to India in early 1778. He was in the same party which accompanied the Governor General, Warren Hastings to Benares, and which also included William Hodges. Here the Rajah of Benares revolted and temporarily defeated Hastings' troops. The Raja's revolt and its later suppression was one of the charges in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Thompson was always a loyal friend to Hastings and remained faithful to him throughout their lives. Apart from their personal friendship, Thompson had almost certainly saved the second Mrs. Hastings' life at the Colgong Rocks when the boat they were in, capsized. It was after this that it was arranged for Thompson to be Hastings' official secretary. Later Hastings commissioned William Hodges to paint an oil of the rocks. Hodges in his illustrated book "*Travels in India 1780-83*" describes the Benares revolt, and that in the turmoil he lost all his belongings except his drawings—which was fortunate for posterity.

In 1784, Thompson was appointed Judge Advocate General. He served India and the Company with great distinction and integrity. He left India on the 17th of January, 1789, on the "Kent" embarking at Cox's Island in the mouth of the Hooghly. The voyage, which was full of illness for him and his co-passengers, took six months.

On the 30th of July, 1791, Thompson married Mrs. Catherine Mary Vansittart, widow of a Bengal Civil Servant. She was the daughter of Thomas Powney and his wife Catherine, who had been great friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hastings in Madras and Calcutta.

Catherine Thompson, as she then became, has a much longer connection with India, and first note of her ancestry is at the India Office where it is stated that in 1668 the Council of the East India Company decided that it was necessary "to have divers such persons instructed as pylots" for the Hooghly. So they wrote out to the Council in Calcutta appointing six young men for seven years. Among them was George Heron. Thus originated the Bengal Pilot Service. George Heron married a Circassian lady, and had a

daughter Mary who married John Powney. Their son Thomas Powney married Catherine de la Metrie on the 20th of May, 1761, and their daughter Catherine Mary Powney (Mrs. Vansittart) married George Nesbitt Thompson, as his second wife.

George Nesbitt Thompson and Catherine Mary Powney had sixteen children of whom twelve survived childhood. One of them Annie Louisa, born on the 15th of January, 1836, met Arthur Malet of the Bombay Civil Service at one of her sisters' houses and they were married on the 23rd of November, 1854. He returned to England in 1860 after thirty five years of unbroken service in India, as his father Sir Charles Malet before him. He lived until 1888. It was Susan Wales, daughter of the artist associated with the Daniells, who married Sir Charles Malet.

Part of the fascination of the history of the early British in India is the interweaving of families and the extraordinary dedication of most of them to serving the country. George Nesbitt's son George Powney Thompson married Harriet Fendall a member of whose family Lavinia Fendall established the Fendall Homes in Calcutta. A daughter Charlotte, married Sir John D'Oyly who was the nephew of Sir Charles D'Oyly the artist, whose views of Calcutta are so well known (D'Oyly, Sir Charles, "*Views of Calcutta, 26 tinted lithographs, 1848*".) Charlotte and John D'Oyly were living in Camac Street on the 18th of September, 1818 because a diary gives that date and address.

Warren Hastings' name has appeared often in these pages. He was the first Governor General of India, and together with Clive, laid the foundations for two hundred years of British rule.

Daylesford House in Worcestershire was the house of his forebears from the reign of Henry II to George II. In 1715 after the collapse of the family fortune, Daylesford itself was sold to a merchant from Bristol, by Samuel Hastings, Warren Hastings' grandfather. Warren Hastings' young mother died a few days after his birth and his own father disappeared. Brought up by relatives, he determined, even as a child, that one day he would buy back Daylesford. And this he did, after his retirement from India.

Warren Hastings married twice. As related earlier, his first wife died in India and is buried in the English cemetery at Cossimbazar. Later during a voyage to Madras, Hastings fell dangerously ill and was nursed by a married woman, Baroness Marion Imhoff, whose husband was a German Baron and portrait painter. Hastings eventually married her (their names can still be seen in the register at St. John's Church, Calcutta) and remained her devoted companion until his death at Daylesford on the 22nd August, 1818. He was eighty-six years old.

Our main interest in Warren Hastings as far as this book is concerned, lies in his patronage of William Hodges, and of Thomas and William Daniell, and of his lifelong friendship with George Nesbitt Thompson. And that in his magnificent collection of pictures at Daylesford was an oil of the Waterfall of Papanasam.

CHAPTER TEN

Looking through the earlier pages of this book, I find the conjecture that my main interest in India must lie somewhere in the past. In the complexities of our relationship, this is true to some extent—and part of that extent must lie buried in the South Park Street Cemetery in Calcutta.

The more one becomes steeped in the last two hundred years of India's history, the more one learns about the people who are buried in this cemetery. They have earned a substance more tangible than that of the long dead. One knows when and where they were born, baptised, their wives and children, the various places they lived in, what had brought them to India and what work they did. One knows of their ancestors, and descendants, their personalities, their weaknesses and their strength. Their names adorn streets, schools, hospitals, universities, societies and even gardens and flowers. They are very much alive, in fact, and are a community of old friends.

A few years ago some young friends, very merry after a New Year's eve celebration, played a practical joke on one of their number, who was somewhat more disorientated than the others. They assured him that they were taking him home, but the gate they pushed open in the pre-dawn of that New Year's day was that of the South Park Street Cemetery. They left their friend draped upon a tombstone. He told me later that when he woke up, chilly and bemused, he was very frightened. His own family connection with India goes back for four generations, and when I explained that he had been amongst old friends, and that his presence must have been a welcome hiatus in the monotony of their non-existence, he accused me of having a schizoid approach to an unpleasant experience.

This story has been brief up to this point and yet of the people mentioned so far, many lie buried here. Under their tombs and obelisks lie, Augustus Cleveland (1784), friend and patron of William Hodges; Sir William Jones (1794) who founded the Asiatic Society; Catherine Sykes, wife of Sir Francis Sykes, Governor of one of the earliest settlements in Bengal, at Cossimbazar; Francois La Gallois (1791) who was the proprietor of

the Old Harmonic Tavern in what is now Dalhousie Square, where Thomas Daniell exhibited 150 pictures prior to their Calcutta Lottery; William Baillie (1799) artist and engraver whose letter to Ozias Humphrey about Thomas Daniell is quoted earlier; Josephine Skinner (1850) a granddaughter of the Skinner who raised Skinner's Horse; Sir John Hadley D'Oyly, 8th baronet, who was Collector of Calcutta and the 24 Parganas. He was the nephew of Sir Charles D'Oyly.

Perhaps the most famous name in the cemetery is that of the Hon'ble Rose Whitworth Aylmer (1800). She came to Calcutta, much against her will, to stay with her uncle, Sir Charles Russell, in Russell Street, She became ill and died within a year of her arrival. The poet Landor wrote her epitaph, and the famous lines are to be seen on her tomb.

"What avails the sceptered race,
Ah what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace,
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these watchful eyes
May weep, but never see
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee"

Walter Savage Landor.

The monument with the oldest date (1768) is that of Mrs. Sarah Pearson who died at the age of nineteen years. Many of the English women in Bengal died at a very young age.

There are, of course, many others buried there who do not concern this story, and one grieves for the disarray and dilapidation of their resting place. The west wall, parts of which had fallen down, has recently been re-erected, but the lack of care is obvious and one can envisage the deterioration which will inevitably ensue, and make it resemble more and more the cemetry at Berhampore.

There are two well known ghost stories concerning our friends. Warren Hastings' house —off Judges Court Road in Alipore, Calcutta—boasts of a ghost or two. It is said that on a dark night a carriage may be heard driving over the gravel approach to the front door, disgorging its ghostly occupants. The house in its original form was a delightful structure, beautifully designed. Many years later the two lateral wings were added. The house is now an educational institution for women, and any approaches to the front door may, during the still watches of the night, have alternative prospects in view.

After the capture of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo, two of his sons were brought to Bengal and housed, with members of his family, in Tollygunge, a suburb of Calcutta. The house is called China Koti. It is leased by one of the larger Managing Agencies in Calcutta, as a residence for senior staff. I have been told on good authority, several times, and once by an eye witness, that a ghost may be seen ascending one of the staircases. The figure turns round at the top of the stairs and then vanishes.

A number of pathetically poor families live up against the west wall of the South Park Street Cemetery, cooking, eating, and sleeping there, always in the open. I encounter them in the early mornings, often still shrouded in their rags. The children are gay and filthy, and squat around the wood fires, cooking their daily ration of tea or rice.

On several mornings I saw a small boy leading a blind beggar by the hand. Then one day I saw a one-legged beggar with a crutch, and a blind boy perched on his hip. They looked familiar, and they greeted me with large conspiratorial grins. They were the same couple suitably disguised and transposed. The crows in conference on the cemetery wall were scattered by our laughter.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

On the 10th of March, 1792, Thomas and William left Calcutta for Madras by sea and arrived on the 29th of March. They had already completed strenuous tours of India and had seen much of the country. The Calcutta Lottery was behind them. Thomas was forty three years old, and William twenty three. William's diary takes up the story from Madras (*Walker's Quarterly Nos.* 35-36, 1932).

William's Diaries first came to light in 1931. Augustus Walker of the Walker Gallery in Bond Street, which ceased to exist a few years ago, acquired from the Russell family in 1931 several hundred pencil, wash, and watercolour drawings made in India between the years 1786 and 1793. At the same time he obtained from Sir Arthur Russell the loan of some diaries, hitherto unknown, written by William Daniell between the years 1788 and 1792, and containing a detailed description of their various tours in India. (Sir Arthur Russell was descended from Sir Charles Russell of Calcutta, after whom Russell Street is named). The collection of drawings was auctioned by the Walker Gallery in 1932, and what had not been sold there, was put up at Sothebys, and the whole collection has thus been dispersed.

The other big collection of colour washes is owned by the P & O Company. It came from the Bromley Davenport collection, and was sold to Stevens and Browne. Gooden & Fox of Bury Street, St. James, acquired the collection from Stevens and Browne, and sold it to the P & O Company.

William Daniell's diary leaves much to the imagination, but it is a factual record, giving the reader dates and place names. The local names are often phonetically spelled and the English words mispelled. His stolid dry statements of the day to day events, relives the excitement, and the unexpectedness of the trek, of the adventure. It is not surprising that his mundane record can stir one vividly.

The South Indian part of the diary was written at a time when the British, under Lord Cornwallis, who succeeded Warren Hastings, were at war with Tippoo Sultan. Tippoo

was the son of Hyder Ali, one of the bitterest foes of the British—and carried on the war with dedication from 1790 to 1792.

Tippoo's Tiger typified the hatred which he and his father had for the British. It is a model-cum-mechanical musical organ, of a tiger devouring a European. It was captured by the British in Seringapatam in 1792 when Tippoo Sultan was killed, and the machine is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The sounds produced by it are those of the tiger's roars, and the cries of fear and pain of the doomed European. The monograph "*Tippoo's Tiger*" by Mildred Archer holds one's attention throughout. It is illustrated by excellent photographs of oils, watercolurs, drawings and engravings of Tippoo himself, his sons, of members of his entourage and his death. There are also excellent reproductions of engravings of Seringapatam (*Gold, C. Oriental Drawings, London 1806. Home, R. Select Views in Mysore, London 1794. Colebrooke, R. H. Twelve Views of Places in the Kingdom of Mysore, London 1805, 2nd Edition. And Allan A. Views in the Mysore Country, London 1794*).

The reference in William's diary to sick and wounded soldiers being carried back to hospital at Vellore was of those involved in this war. Incidentally, probably the best known hospital in India today is at Vellore, and it is very different now from the small rough casualty station that it must have been during the long drawn out war with Tippoo Sultan.

Madras is on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal and about five hundred miles from Cape Comorin, the southern tip of India. Thomas and William first travelled west, to Bangalore via Arcot, the scene of Clive's great victory. They then moved south until they reached Madurai, where, most mysteriously and frustratingly, William's diary ends. From here on we learn of their movements and the dates, from their dated sketches. For the earlier parts of their South Indian journey, short extracts are quoted here.

Some of the local words used in the diary need explaining and it will probably be easier to explain their meanings as they occur.

> "1792. April 9. Left Madras about 2°C in the afternoon in our Palankeens (a box-like contraption with two windows and 4 projecting poles, which is carried on the shoulders of 4 or 8 men) and proceeded to Choultry, distance about nine miles, where we arrived at twenty minutes after four and came up with our Tent, Baggage, etc. etc. St. Thomas' mount and a cluster of small hills appearing to the left. About sunset saw the Trippasore hills which had a very romantic appearance and on the nearer hills we saw several Pagodas with the glass. Put up in the Choultry for the night which was small and rather dirty."

A Choultry is a South Indian rest house. It usually has a triangular sloping roof which is supported by pillars, and open on all sides for coolness. There is a choultry in the foreground of both the pencil drawing and the photograph of "Monkey Temple". (No. 11).

> The following is a list of servants who accompanied the party.
> "2 Palankeens with 11 Bearers to each; 4 Bearers for Bottle Khannah safe; 2 Do. Bangies: 2 Coolies for ye Drawing Tables; 2 Do. for a Cot; 1 Do. Fowls etc; a second Dubash (who proved to be a great knave. He ran away from us on the evening of 24 Ap. from Sundapilly); a Mater; a Cook; 2 Peons; 2 Lascars, a Portuguese and Mussulman Boy; 2 Horses, 2 Sises; a Cart and 4 Bullocks; 3 Bullocks for the Tent etc.; 4 Bullock men; our coolies and bullocks rather untraceable, a common case on the outset."

A Dubash is a general overseer or foreman who normally deals with all the provisions and is in charge of the other servants. A Bangie is a carrier or porter. He uses a yoke across one or other of his shoulders, from the ends of which are suspended his loads. A Peon is a

messenger—carrying messages on foot to advance camps. He is a postman in fact. Sises—usually spelt syces—are grooms for the horses.

A Mater is a sweeper who does all the menial domestic chores. He removes night soil, cleans what passed for lavatories, sweeps the floor and has to cook and eat his meals separately. He is rather like the medical student who starts work in a hospital ward for the first time. I am reminded of a now very eminent medical personage in England who once referred to the first term ward clerks, of which I was one at that time, as the lowest form of animal life in a hospital. A junior probationer nurse whom I knew well at the time, flung this description at me in an acrimonious argument we were having. I remember the incident well but the difference is that the sweeper always remains a sweeper.

"April 10. At four o'clock this morning moved from Tabbah Choultree and arrived at Amarampate Choultry a little after 10. At five came on a very severe N'Wester accompanied with heavy rain which in the course of ten minutes ran with rapidity through our tent about three or four inches deep. On the road passed a number of Doolies (a doolie is somewhat like a palanquin, but much smaller, and open) going to Bangalore for the Sick and Wounded.

April 11. After getting our breakfast at the Choultry we rode on to Permadoor, distance about 7 miles, where we were much entertained with the Hindoo Temple. My Uncle and self made a drawing each, got our dinner there, and returned to Permadoor Choultry where the Palankeens, Bullocks, etc. remained. This Temple is the most considerable of any we have seen of that highly ornamental stile. It is built of coarse Granite and the Decorated part is chiefly of Hindoo Idols. The general effect was very rich and in many parts well designed, but not equal in point of execution to some we have seen in the upper parts of Hindoostan. To the East and West of it at a little Distance are two very large Tanks (Pools or lagoons, usually rectangular) with steps leading down to the Water. Picked up some specimens of good Yellow okre.

April 13. Un sent our Baggage etc. off early to Cuore Choultry about 10 miles from Conjaveram—after we had breakfasted in the Bungalow we went towards the Great Pagoda. My Uncle drew it from the Street to the Southward of it, and myself made a Drawing of the North side—which employed us till 4 O'clock. It is the most considerable Hindoo Temple we have seen"

Many original sketches for the aquatints from "*Oriental Scenery*" were made in this area. The landscape and architecture in the South were completely different from those in Bengal and the North. The Mogul monuments of those areas are absent here, but the Dravidian architecture excited them, and they were constantly at work.

"April 15. Our Baggage arrived (at Arcot) at 10°C—the Bullocks very much fatigued in consequence of their crossing the Dry sand Bed of the River Paliar that runs by Arcot. To give them rest we did not move till 4°C, when we had a very pleasant ride to Vellore.

April 17. Left Vellore at 4°C and stopped to sketch several times on the road to Conjeveram. Then began to ascend the (Amboor) Gaut early on Horseback—had a very pleasant and by no means fatiguing Journey up the pass. We reached the Top of the Gaut in about three hours. On the top of a hill to the left of the road near Naigengherry appeared something like buildings but so very singular that we walked upto examine them—they proved to be buildings but of a very uncommon form indeed—built merely of large Slabs of hard Granite—made several sketches of them.

April 23. Marched at 5, and about half an hour after rode by a small hill, probably

what Tennel called Pagoda Hill, to the left of us that had a Hindoo Temple pleasantly situated on it (where we were told Tippoo had formerly some Guns)—passed thro' Vincatgherry to Sevundapolly. Between the last mentioned Places near 3 or 400 Doolies with Sick Europeans were on their way to the Hospital at Vellore. Experienced a very heavy fall of Rain that lasted about an hour soon after we arrived at our Ground—my Uncle's Cot, our Tables and a few other things very wet—Tent and Baggage escaped it. One of the Bungies fell down on the road by which circumstances we had the misfortune to lose two bottles of Medeira, a serious consideration.

April 24. As our Dubash had not made his appearance since Yesterday we have reason to believe that he has given us the slip—a circumstance that often occurs when they have money of other servants in their possession as in the present instance.

April 27. Had a watch kept all night as we were not without apprehensions of a visit from Freebooters who we were given to understand were rather numerous about the adjacent villages—none of them however came near us—As we proposed to go to Uuscotta, started about 4°C, the march being rather long (about 16 miles). Saw the Fort of Ouscotta from an elevated situation of about 2 Miles distant. Pitched our Tents in a Shade Mangoe Tope a short distance to the Eastward of the Town. The Scenes grow busy as we approach the Grand Army.

April 28. On our rising this morning we were much mortified to find that we had been robbed (in consequence of the Chokey Daurs or watchmen being asleep instead of on their Duty). A Bag of Dirty Linen was taken, out of which twelve shirts, five waistcoats and a pr. of Breeches were missed. A Tea Box and Shaving Box were also carried off—three Razors only missing. The Boxes and what else they contained were brought to us about sun rise found within 100 yards of our Tent. A handkerchief with a number of Books was stolen also—the Books were brought us again a Bag of Cloathing belonging to Fr. Francis (our Portuguese Ser) was also taken off, and not a part of what it contained was found. A detachment from the Grand Army we passed on the road as they were on their march to Ouscotta—a number of Guns from Bangalore, with them and Doolies of Sick Europeans.

May 1. Spent the whole day at the Hills to the Sd. of Bangalore where we collected several Scenes. In one of the Temples on the Hills is the statue of a large Bull carved out of the Solid Rock which measures twelve feet from the top of his head to the bottom of the Chest. There are also two very large Statues of Ganesh and Hunumaun, (Hindu gods) cut out of the Solid Rock abt. 9 ft. high—each has a Temple Built over them.

May 29. Sent off our Baggage etc. but recalled them as we began to ascend the Hill at Trisingur. A good flight of Steps to the Top of the hill. the ascent easy—the Hindoo Temple on the Hill in a very superior stile more so than any we have yet seen on this coast—it appears to be very old—much modern work added. Upon the Whole Trisingur is the most complete Hindoo Town we have met with—Picturesque in the highest degree—at present but thinly inhabited. There are several Tanks which have been destroyed by Tippoo we were informed. The Villagers tell us that we are the first Europeans that ever entered the Pagoda on the Hill.

June 5. Had a pleasant ride this morning to Trichinopoly where we were welcomed by Lt. Campbell of the Artillery. From Bangalore Mr. C. went with us to the top

of the Rock, from whence we had a good general idea of the surrounding Country—an easy ascent all the way up.

June 6. Mr. Campbell, was our Cicerone to the Island of Seringam this morning, when we were highly entertained. Intended to have crossed the River on our horses but were obliged to have recourse to a Boat as it was too deep.

June 7. We spent the Day on the Island of Seringam—made drawings of the Great Pagoda and great gate leading to it.

June 11. Visited the Nawaubs Garden. In one of the buildings two pictures of Stubs (Stubbs) (the Horse and Lyon and the Lyon and Tyger), and King and Queen of England by Stubs (Stubbs) and the King and Queen of France with Portraits of several personages of consequence.

June 20. Had a most romantic journey to Vadermadery (about 15 miles) a thick jungle on each side the road the whole way—passed Cavanore a small mud fort. Nedermadery is a small mud fort in ruins. In it is a Hindoo Temple which we took possession of. Capt. Bouzer arrived in his Palankeen from Trichinopoly in the evening and remained in a Tope near the Killah all night, not wishing to disturb us who he was given to understand were Sick Men.

June 21. The Journey to Dindigul from Vadermadery was exceedingly pleasant, the Dist. Hills in general highly picturesque.

June 24. Left Dindigul about 7°C. and had a most delightful ride to Atoor (about 12 miles) half way to Vatlagunta. The Head Man of Atoor, which is a large Village most pleasantly situated, paid his respects to us and brought a present of Fowls, Limes, Eggs, Milk, etc.

June 26. Early this morning Mr. McLeod, Uncle and self set out to see a Waterfall about 12 miles distant. (This must be the Waterfall at Valtagunta off the Madurai Kodaikanal road which was not in existence then, nor indeed was Kodaikanal). As the Jungle we were to pass thro' to get to it abounded with Wild Elephants, Tygers etc. a guard of about thirty Seapoys, and equal number of Mr. M. Peons with Long spears and Tulwaurs, went with us. The Jungle for the last three miles was so thick that we were obliged to get out of our Palankeens and walk thro' it. Before we entered the Jungle we crossed a few fields that had been destroyed by the Wild Elephants—the impressions of their feet being very distinguishable—heard them pulling down a tree a short distance from us.

July 3. Breakfasted at Tappacallum and went to the Old Palace where we spent the Day. Pitched our Tent to the southward of the Palace near the Rampart inside the Fort, where we propose remaining during our Stay at Madura."

Williams diary ends here. But it is difficult to understand why it ends so abruptly. Almost certainly the diary was continued as he was such an industrious young man—and it has been lost.

They must have stayed in Madura for some days because we know of several sketches and pencil drawings dated Madura, July, 1792. The P & O Company have the following : "Ruins, Madura, Madras", July 3rd, 1792—Pencil, 16″ × 25″; "Ruins, Madura, Madras", July 3rd, 1792—Pencil and wash, 18″ × 25½″ ; "Large Temple at Madura, Madras", July 3rd, 1792—Pen & Ink, 21¼″ × 14¾″.

They were in Trincomalee on the 20th of July 1792 : "Temples of Trincomalee, near Srivilliputtur" inscribed with date, July 20th, 1792—Pencil and wash, 14½" × 21¼".

There is a sketch of the Temple Car at Srivilliputtur, Tinnevelley District, Madras and inscribed on verso "Swamy Coach, Shevalpettore, July 22nd, 1792 about 80 feet from the ground to the top of the flat." This is a pencil and watercolour sketch, 14½" × 19⅜". The wheeled car is surrounded by villagers standing in a road. On the occasion of certain festivals in South India, the God emerges from the sacred cell, assumes a more temporal form and is taken out in procession in a triumphal car. Large temples such as the Vaishnava Temple at Srivilliputtur possess elaborately carved wooden cars.

They were at the waterfall at Kuttalam later and there are two sketches of the waterfall dated July, 1792 : Watercolour 18" × 24¼" and pencil and wash 19" × 26".

There is yet another one, undated, of the "Temple, Kuttalam, Tinnevelly District, Madras" inscribed on verso, "Courtallum near Tancanchy, Tinnevelly District", pencil and watercolour, 14⅝" × 21". It is a view of the temple with a waterfall in the background.

Finally they came to the area of Papanasam itself, as depicted in the fifteen versions. They were at the top of the Waterfall on the 31st of July 1792 (No. 9). In this view they were looking south and the Pumbar River is clearly visible in the distant hills. They spent two days (1st and 2nd August) at Papanasam and we know they left after that because a sketch in the P & O Collection entitled "Vannar Thothon—the waterfall about twenty five miles from Papanasam", is dated August 3, 1792. It is a colourwash 19½"×11½". (No. 14).

On August 12th they did a pencil and watercolour sketch, 14¼" × 21", entitled "Temple, Tinnevelly, Madras". This has a view of the temple from the Tambrapani River. In the foreground there are two figures on horseback, probably Thomas and William Daniell. This picture is in the collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects and is one of a group bound in seven volumes from the library of John Gregory Crace in 1933. They had probably been acquired by Frederick Crace (1779-1859) when Thomas Daniell's collection was disposed of after his death in 1840.

Thomas and William's tours and the mechanics of their journeys, appear in sharp contrast to the more sophisticated travels we undertake today. However, there are vast areas in India, even now, where there are no roads, and therefore neither vehicles nor electricity, and where the jungle and its inhabitants encroach upon us at all times. We do have electric torches, petromax lamps, more elaborate defensive weapons, the transistor radio and tinned food. On the other hand we also have dacoits (bandits), snakes, and horrid pestilences of one sort or another, disease-carrying mosquitos, and scorpions. It is as well to shake the latter out of one's shoes before putting them on. Thus the difference between the Daniells' tours and a modern one may be very narrow indeed.

For several years, in the cold weather I visited an area of the Mahanadi River, in Orissa, parts of which are the same as they have been for a thousand years. True, I stayed in a forest bungalow, smothered in bouganvillia, and drank iced beer from a kerosene operated refrigerator. But water is hauled up the hill in a cart by two bullocks. At night one hears the trumpeting of wild elephant, and below us the river flows, peacefully and without effort, to the sea. It is upon the river mainly that life has remained unchanged.

On either side of this part of the Mahanadi, are thousands of square miles of bamboo growing country. The bamboo is cut, brought to staging points on the river bank, and rafted down to a mill near the sea, where the bamboo is converted into paper—probably the paper I am now writing on. The journey by river takes three weeks to the mill. The rafters erect a curved mat in the centre of the raft for shelter. They carry with them one piece of cotton to cover themselves, which they wash and dry once every three or

four days as they drift along. Salt and rice are usually the only food necessary. They fish as they drift along. It has always been like this.

The fact that my host had a speedboat, with a jeep engine which propelled us on the jet principle, did not affect the way of life of the fishermen and rafters. We skim over the shallows, looking at crocodiles basking on the sands with their jaws open. The inhabitants view us impassively. We are strangers, with strange ways,—but our methods of locomotion are not for them. They have no compulsion to change the even, age-old tenor of their lives.

Further south along the coast towards Andhra Pradesh and Madras, Canadian missionaries are in charge of "Operation Eyesight", devoted and skilled removers of cataracts, so prevalent in India. Unhonoured, except by those who regain the blessed gift of sight, they labour on, year in and year out, some families for more than a generation. Once I was driven by them up to Serengo in a jeep, a hilly tribal area, to stay a day or two in a small hospital there. The post is delivered by a runner twice a week, in the same way as in the Daniells' days. Until a very few years ago, the tribes here were untouched by any form of civilisation, and human sacrifices and cannibalism not unknown. There is no electricity of course, but the hospital of thirty beds is well run by a small group, and the villagers were friendly and happy. Cornwallis and Tippoo Sultan, further to the south, had departed, handing over to a different sort of battle here. Unlike Thomas and William, however, one can be back in a modern metropolis in twenty four hours, by road, train and aeroplane, always refreshed and somehow humbled.



CHAPTER TWELVE

Now we have the Rev. Hobart Caunter's (1794-1851) description of the visit to Papasam from "*The Oriental Annual*," *1834*. But it is important to remember that there is considerable doubt about the veracity of the account. It is certain that at no time did the Rev. Caunter and William Daniell ever meet in India, though the narrative is written by the former in the first person, just as if he had been with William at the time of the events described.

It is evident that William Daniell supplied the material for the narrative and that Caunter altered it so that it would appear that he was with the artists on their travels. In point of fact the Daniells left India in late 1793, the year before Caunter was born.

In "*The Oriental Annual*" we hear that their first visit to Calcutta followed their tour of Southern India. Furthermore, one reads that they travelled from Cape Comorin to Madras in exactly the opposite direction to that which we know to have been the case by reference to the dates on their drawings and the invaluable journal which William kept. Caunter's dialogue cannot therefore be relied upon, as much imagination has been mixed with fact. However, William's description to Caunter of the waterfall and its environs must have been used in Caunter's description.

> "Before we left Tinnevelly, we took the opportunity of visiting the waterfall at Puppanassum, which is, perhaps on the whole, the most stupendous object of its kind in the Carnatic. The approach to it lay through a long valley, at the termination of which the fall deposits its waters in an unfathomable pool, whence a new river seems to issue, winding its placid course through a plain nearly level with the sea. Upon our approach to the fall through this valley, confined on either side by lofty hills, the view of it was frequently obstructed by the intersections of the mountain round which we saw a great number of devotees on their way to bathe in those sacred waters,

and to offer their genuflexions and prostrations upon a spot consecrated at once by extreme antiquity and local traditions. These people did not appear to be at all pleased at the idea of seeing the place profaned by the unhallowed feet of faringhees or Christians. They passed us in dogged silence.

Upon turning the angle of a hill, which arose abruptly from the valley, the fall burst suddenly upon our sight. It was indeed a magnificent spectacle. The impression excited was so uncommon, that I was obliged to close my eyes for a moment, in order to recover from the sudden and almost outstanding surprise. Though the roar of the cataract had been long prepared for, something more than commonly imposing, the reality far transcended our expectations. It is precipitated from a height of one hundred and fifty feet, pouring over the steep a prodigious body of water which, forcing its way betwixt intervening rocks, among which it boils and hisses with tremendous energy, falls into the deep, dark pool beneath with a din and turbulence that are almost deafening. The sound of the cataract may be heard at the distance of several miles, even in the dry season; but, during the monsoons, when swelled by mountain torrents, the roar is augmented tenfold. There is a tremendous vortex just below the fall, caused by its sudden and violent pressure upon the surface below, so that no one can safely approach within reach of the spray. The waters of this spot are highly sacred, Papanasam, the name which the place bears, signifying the washing away of sins. A great number of devotees are to be seen at all times bathing in this consecrated river.

About a mile from the cataract a handsome pagoda is built upon the banks of the stream, together with several elegant choultries. Here river fish of various kinds may be caught, and tame carp nearly two feet long come to the surface to be fed, which they daily are by the superstitious Hindoos. "This is altogether one of the wildest and most beautiful spots", says Colonel Welsh, "I have ever seen, and the neighbourhood abounds with game, particularly with pea-fowl, tigers and wild hogs. This place may be visited safely only between the months of May and September; at all other times a dangerous hill-fever is extremely prevalent". This, however, the whole of our party were fortunate enough to escape.

By the side of this celebrated fall there is a rock which is most highly venerated. It is covered with a rude bas-relief, before which pilgrims and other visitants to these holy waters prostrate themselves. Fakeers are also to be found—who daily practise their ceremonials before these mystical sculptures."

It is interesting to compare this account, written by the Rev. Caunter, loosely quoting from a conversation he must have had with William, with the description in the text of the reduced edition of "*Oriental Scenery*". Later on, you will have my description, because my own plans for visiting Papanasam were slowly being pursued.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Plans to visit the waterfall began to mature in April 1969. I never cease to be astonished and touched by the kindness of people who go to enormous trouble to help and advise strangers. Within a short time I had been given the names and addresses of several people who live or work in Tinnevelly District and I wrote to some of them. It was, however, Bill Baird of Octavius Steel, one of Calcutta's leading merchant houses, who gave me a lead which led to definite plans being made. Bill Baird, incidentally, owns a set of the Daniell engravings "*Twelve Views of Calcutta*" (1788) and has always been interested in the Daniells generally and in my project to visit the waterfall. He advised me to write for information to David Murton of the Madura Mills, which are situated at Ambasamudram, a few miles from Papanasam. This I did.

David Murton's reply to my letter made it abundantly clear that I was indeed fortunate to have been put in touch with him.

> "My apologies for the delay in replying to your most interesting letter but I have been trying to get some information on the falls at Papanasam which I think would be of interest to you.
>
> Regarding your proposed visit here in August, I am afraid, as you fear, that the India Cements Guest House will be too far from the falls for your purposes (about one and-a-half hours' drive), and while we do have guest flats at our Mills (about twenty minutes drive from the Falls), my wife and I would be very pleased if you would be our guest at the bungalow (only about half an hour's drive from the Falls). Once you have finalised your flight bookings from Calcutta to Madurai, please let me know and I shall send my car to meet you at Madurai Airport and bring you straight down here. This is a three and a half hour journey but the road is quite good.
>
> There are two waterfalls near Papanasam, both along the Tambrapani River.
>
> (1) The Bhanathirtham Falls (Vannar Thirthoom Falls) which represent the first stage of the Tambrapani River as it flows down Agastyamalai (the highest peak in our range of hills) and nowadays enters Hope Lake at the top of the

Papanasam Hydro-Electric Scheme. These falls are the scene of pilgrimage on Adi Amavasya—a local Festival Day which falls during July/August when heavy downpours of rain are expected, (though our records of rainfall during these months over the years indicates that this expectation has not always been fulfilled). A jeep is necessary to reach these falls by land or by boat across Hope Lake from the upper Dam and I can make necessary arrangements for either way if you wish to visit these falls.

(2) The Kalyan Thirthoom Falls (Daniell's Waterfall of Papanasam, also known as the Agastya Falls) which have been identified as the subject of your Daniell painting, are nowadays unfortunately dry for most of the year, as they are situated just below the Lower Dam, near the Power House for the Hydro-Electric Scheme. In the four years I have been here I have seen these in spate only once (though other occasions have just been reported) and that too in November 1965, when water was being released from both the Upper and Lower Dams following prolonged heavy rains.

I was particularly interested in the photographs of the painting you sent me as these Falls were the prime reason for our mills being situated where they are. It was Frank Harvey who, in 1883, while surveying the area for a site for his first cotton spinning mill saw the Kalyan Thirtham Falls (Papanasam Falls) and determined that here was his source of power—small wonder, if they gave him the impression of surging power portrayed in your Daniell painting !

On receiving the glowing description of these Falls from Frank, his elder brother Andrew wrote from London instructing him to proceed with all arrangements, and to make sure he obtained exclusive rights to the water, free of charge, from the Provincial Government, as he "could foresee that with the advancement of Science, a way would be found at some future date to harness these waters as a means of providing motive power which might be carried to more distant places". In other words, Andrew Harvey foresaw the Papanasam Hydro-Electric Scheme at a time when "Electricity" as a means of power was still in its infancy and virtually unknown.

Their first mill was driven by a water Turbine, the Falls having been tapped near the top and the water thence carried through channels and a pipe to give a 300 ft. head to the turbine. This "Water Mill" as it is still called, continues to produce cotton yarns and although it has been electrified in recent years, the original water turbine is still with us as a unique memorial to these two pioneering brothers. Incidentally, this Company enjoyed the free supply of water right up till 1947 and concessional exclusive water rights until only a few years ago !

Sorry if I tend to ramble on, but I thought you might be interested in a short account on how significant the Falls in your picture have been to the development of industry in this area and to our Mill in particular.

You should visit Courtallam and Cape Comorin (having come all this way to the "Land's End of India"!) and should visit Manjolai tea estates in the hills above us.

May I suggest that you stay four or five days to give us a chance to show you some of this really lovely countryside.

My wife and I look forward to meeting you and to hearing more about the Daniells' work in this area."

David Murton, who had never heard of me, was offering to accommodate me for several days, lay on transport, had made preliminary investigations for me, and was through his work, connected historically with Papanasam. My reaction was one of grateful delight. I might have been an alcoholic, or worse, a crashing bore, or a compulsive story teller. Yet here was his offer of generous hospitality—and I hastened to reply.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Within a few days of my reply to David Murton, two old friends, Bill Matthews and Stanley Boucher, telephoned asking me to join them on a motoring tour of South India. I agreed with alacrity after having persuaded them to alter their departure date by a week in order to dovetail with the Papanasam visit.

The three of us flew to Madras and the car journey began from Madras and terminated there, all within a fortnight, and just in time for me to fly on to Madurai Airport on the 30th of July. When we discussed our itinerary in detail before leaving Calcutta, I found that our route went through several areas which the Daniells had traversed during their tour, and through parts which were described in William's diary. It might be of some interest therefore to say a word or two about this journey, during which we covered about 1,800 miles.

South India was a revelation to me in the overall context of India. The South Indian is different from the Bengali who, in turn, is different from the various races and groups which inhabit the northern plains of India. All these are yet again distinct from the hill people of the vast Himalayan range which runs across Northern India. The differences are profound—physiological, emotional, anatomical and lingual.

The people of South India are smaller, vivacious and full of movement. Their language of delicate staccato noises is as alive as they are ; the women are gay and colourful. Their roads are excellent, houses freshly painted, cars and buses washed and clean and there is a general air of *joie de vivre*. The country itself presents vast contrasts, mountains and valleys, plains and sea coasts, beautiful and exciting.

The car had been driven down from Calcutta to meet us at Madras. (There are six aquatints of Madras in "*Oriental Scenery*" Volume II Nos. 7-12). We set forth from Madras making our first objective Pondicherry, which had been a French stronghold and later a French enclave until 1954. The town is pretty, well laid out beside the sea, with a promenade and still vaguely French, with French street names. We then drove on to Trichinopoly where we arrived after dark and had considerable difficulty in locating our hotel.

On the following morning we walked to a nearby church and examined the cemetery, but apart from this we saw little of this bustling town. It was here at Trichinopoly that the Daniells spent several days, and in Volume II of "*Oriental Scenery*" there are magnificent aquatints of this town and its fort (Nos. 19, 20, 21 and 22).

After breakfast we left for Madurai, where we spent several hours in the vast group of Dravidian temples for which Madurai is famous. We climbed up to the top of the main temple, or gopuram, the almost perpendicular, completely closed-in staircases between each succeeding floor narrower than the last until towards the top no one of ample girth could possibly have got through. Despite my claustrophobia, the climb was most rewarding. At various levels there are landings, each with a window through which one can enjoy stupendous views of the whole temple complex. We took many photographs.

Referring back to William's diary it was here at Madurai that the last reference is made before the diary ceases. We know of many pencil drawings, colour washes and oils of this area, and of these temples. The gopurams are characteristically shaped, and in the pencil drawings of "Monkey Temple" there is a small one, but the gopurams here are enormous. There is also the hall of 1,000 pillars. "*Oriental Scenery*" again has aquatints of this area (Volume V Nos. 13-18).

In the late afternoon we drove up to Kodaikanal by precipitous roads, until we arrived at dusk at a very pleasant hotel where we stayed for two days. The altitude here is over 7,000 ft. The next morning we walked around looking at the plains below—an almost sheer drop of 7,000 ft., and I accompanied my two companions who played golf later. The sun was hot in a cloudless sky, but there was a cool breeze, and I wore no hat. As a result of this I was badly sunburned, and for days afterwards sheets of skin peeled off my scarlet scalp.

Kodaikanal is the hill station and haven for the inhabitants of the plains below—and for those who live in the area around Madras and Madurai, and the flat territory south to Cape Comorin.

There is a promontory near the town from which the views from 7,375 feet are quite breathtaking. There are several boarding schools which function during the summer months, and like Ootacamund which we visited later, it is an oasis in the midst of the blistering hot weather.

On our way down the mountain road we failed to get a glimpse of the long tall waterfall at Vatalanga—the Gungavapetta which is some miles off the road and which the Daniells saw on the 26th of June, 1792. Thomas' oil of this hangs in the old Viceroy's House in Delhi.

Our next night was spent at the rest house at Periyar Lake. This lake-cum-game sanctuary is at an altitude of about 2,000 ft. At the end of the last century a substantial river and its tributaries ran through this hilly territory. The main outlet of the river from this plateau was dammed by British engineers about seventy years ago and all the valleys behind were flooded, forming a vast lake, dotted about with numerous hill tops and the tops of trees in what were once valleys. A tunnel was built to allow water to run through towards the east rather than in the original western direction. Later a hydro-electric scheme was established, in addition to the irrigation scheme for which the original dam was built.

The hills and hillocks above the lakes' surface level are full of game. We were so fascinated by what we saw that we did two motor boat excursions on two successive mornings and saw elephant, bison, deer and many rare birds. The taller trees, in what had once been valleys, whose topmost branches still projected above the water, were as hard as rock, petrified by years of mineral deposits, quite skeletal and macabre. The total

area involved in this strange man-made sanctuary is vast and each motor boat journey, which traversed only the easier areas, took about two and a half hours.

The next day we were on our way to Cochin—tea gardens, and hills, coconut, palm trees and red sunsets, slim and gay Malayalam speaking inhabitants, down to the Malabar Coast.

After Surat, Cochin was one of the first established British settlements in India. A handful of travellers are noted as having come upon the Malabar Coast before that, between 1324 and 1502, when Vasco de Gama on his second voyage established a factory there. Earlier still, much earlier, the ancestors of the White Jews of Cochin arrived.

Opinion is sharply divided about when the White Jews first arrived at Crangenore. How and when they arrived in the ancient port of Crangenore, (or Shingly as the Jews called their old settlement,) is still one of the unsettled problems of their ancient history. Some say that they first arrived with King Solomon's fleet. Jost holds that the first colonisation occurred in the 5th century as a result of the exodus from Persia during the reign of King Kolesd. There is also a well authenticated note that between 70,000 and 80,000 Jews arrived on the Malabar Coast in 370 A.D. from Myorca where their forefathers had been taken as captives by Titus Vespasianus.

St. Thomas the apostle is buried in Cochin. He arrived in Crangenore in A.D. 55, and was said to have been welcomed by a Jewish flute girl. He stayed in the Jewish quarter of the town and forty Jews are said to have been baptised by him.

Of all the maritime nations that traded with ancient India, the Jews were the first to come to India. Cochin was the only seaport in India known to the Western world in ancient times. They were, then, the first aliens to settle in India.

Many of these details were given to us by Mr. S. S. Koder, the leader of the minute community of about forty white Jews still living in Cochin. During these hundreds of years, the converts to Judaism from the indigenous population were many and these are known as the black Jews of Cochin, many of whom have emigrated to Israel since the 1939-45 war.

The well-known Jewish plates, with their inscription of seventy two property rights, were a grant to the Jewish community there. A one-time Dutch Governor of the area, Moens, gives the date of the grant of the Jewish plates as A.D. 624.

Cochin to Coimbatore was a leisurely drive on the plain. We lunched at the English Club, and then continued up to Ootacamund. The road was good, twisting all the way, with hair-pin bends, and spectacular views. We finally arrived at an altitude of 8,000 feet, at the "Ooty" Club in the cool of the afternoon.

The area was originally, and almost accidentally discovered by two young Englishmen, named Whisk and Kindersley whilst on a trek from their post at Coimbatore in 1836. They were assistants to the Collector there, John Sullivan, who on hearing of the lush, fertile, almost Kentish countryside, which his assistants had come across, decided to see this paradise for himself. He visited the area some months later, and was so entranced by the place that he determined to establish a hill station there. He built the first stone house and in the church which was later established, the first recorded baptism is that of his son.

Whisk and Kindersley met the Todas on their first visit to Ooty. They are a short, strange, docile, agricultural and numerically very small tribal group who live in beehive shaped huts. They were untouched and indeed, inaccessible to any influence from the outside world for generations. The painter Barron visited this area some years later and six of his sketches were engraved by Havell and published in a large folio volume. These are very rare and quite beautiful. (Barron, Capt. Richard, "*Views in India, chiefly concerning the Neelgerry Hills*", in 1837).

The Ooty Club and the Bengal Club in Calcutta have reciprocity involving temporary membership and this is why we were able to stay there. John Sullivan, the founder of

Ooty, has his portrait hanging there. The Club itself is superbly managed, the public rooms decorated with well chosen chintzes and framed prints in excellent condition. The bedrooms are comfortable and had wood fires every evening. We had a pre-dinner whisky and soda in Colonel Jago's Room. I asked the barman, who spoke excellent English, who Colonel Jago was. He replied, "Master, Colonel Jago died one hundred years ago". That put me in my place, but there was his obvious pride in Colonel Jago and the Club.

My two companions played golf the next morning. As usual I accompanied them, and I found it interesting to see them drive from 7,500 ft. to a green at 5,700 feet, or so it seemed to me.

Ooty is astonishingly British and if one were searching for the last of the British Raj, it is here that one would begin the search. It has a military training college, a race course, botanical gardens, and a museum. Its climate is lovely, and the general atmosphere is convivial and pleasant. There are smaller satellite towns and good schools near.

A couple of hours after leaving Ooty, but still in the hills, we entered the State of Mysore. We picnicked in a dak bungalow, or rather outside it, because we were unable to find anyone to open it for us.

There is a game sanctuary just off the road at Madhumali, and from the backs of elephants one can see the game. Visiting the game reserve would have clashed with our programme, so we drove on and arrived in Mysore City in daylight, visiting the palace, the museum, and the environs of the city before dark. The people of the state speak a language called Kanarak.

We spent the night at the hotel Krishna Raja Sagar about eight miles from Mysore City. Its enormous ornamental gardens and lakes are lit up at night.

In Mysore we travelled through country where the names of Hyder Ali, Tipu Sultan and Seringapatam are still alive.

Between 1763 and 1782 when he died, Hyder Ali made Mysore the strongest power in India. He had fought against the British in the Mysore Wars of 1767-69 and 1780-84. His son Tipoo was determined to regain this power, and went to war with his enemies in 1790. His capital of Seringapatam was later captured by the British.

Many artists among the British have left their impressions in paintings and engravings as mentioned before. But Lieutenant James Hunter's *"Picturesque Scenes in the Kingdom of Mysore, 40 Drawings taken on the Spot"*. (1805) are probably the most comprehensive.

Our visit to the ruins of Seringapatam was somewhat dampened by our guide's apparent ignorance of Hyder Ali, Tipoo Sultan and Lord Cornwallis. We suspected that he would rather have talked about something else, namely the Hindi/Tamil conflict in the South, caused by the attempt of the Indian Central Government to make Hindi the national language of the whole of India. This is resented by the various peoples of Southern India.

Mysore to Bangalore was a day's journey. *"Oriental Scenery"* (Volume V, Nos. 17 and 18) has two views here, but we saw little else, apart from the road upon which we travelled. We left early the next morning for Madras where we arrived at dusk. Bill Matthews, Stanley Boucher and I had to part company here.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The next day brought me to Madurai again—and this time by air, arriving at 11 a.m. on the 29th of July.

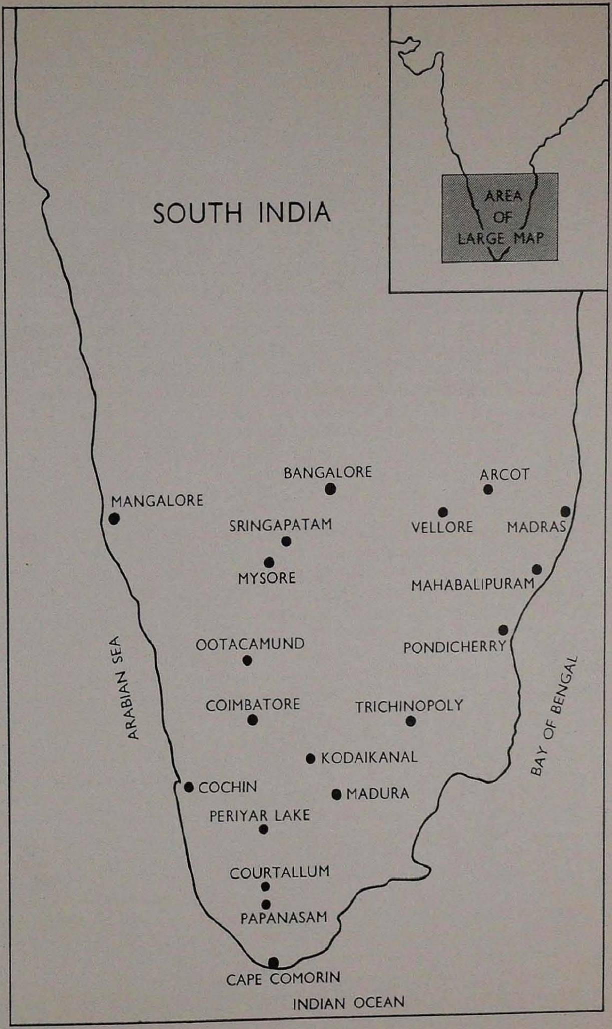
On the airport verandah stood Subbiah, David Murton's driver, spotless in white. He handed me a note explaining that lunch had been arranged at the Madura Club, and after lunch I was driven one hundred and twenty miles south to Ambasamudram in a splendid pale blue Chevrolet. A large thermos flask of iced lemon water was in the car to slake our thirst over the dry, hot three and a half hour drive.

The roads are excellent, the villages through which we drove crowded and busy, and the ghats (a low range of hills which divide the plains) were visible west of us in the distance for most of the way south. My arrival at Ambasamudram was a happy one, and a warm welcome awaited me from Jane and David Murton.

The Murton bungalow is situated on the plain at the foot of the ghats. The hills rose rapidly behind us, to tea-growing areas. Some sixty miles south of us lay Cape Comorin, the land's end of India. Across the ridge of hills lay Kerala and the Malabar Coast, which I had visited and enjoyed a few days before.

A large garden at several levels, with extensive grounds abounded with birds, and a thorn tree within twenty feet of the bungalow had cattle egrets' nests with their young. This was the first time that I had seen the flat topped thorn tree in India. It is also known as the acacia tree, of course. The ghul mohr, pink cassia and jacaranda were still in flower. There was a large frangipani tree, and the white flowers were different from those in Bengal—smaller and more delicate. There were petria and bougainvillea, of course, and masses of different coloured lantana.

That night we went over all the photographs I had brought with me together with some of the literature. We studied these carefully and David Murton drew a sketch of the whole area which covered the Tambrapani River from the Vannar Thirthoom falls right



SOUTH INDIA
AREA OF LARGE MAP
BANGALORE
ARCOT
MANGALORE
SRINGAPATAM
VELLORE
MADRAS
MYSORE
MAHABALIPURAM
OOTACAMUND
PONDICHERRY
ARABIAN SEA
COIMBATORE
TRICHINOPOLY
BAY OF BENGAL
KODAIKANAL
COCHIN
MADURA
PERIYAR LAKE
COURTALLUM
PAPANASAM
CAPE COMORIN
INDIAN OCEAN

down to Papanasam village, and we then planned what we should do in the next three or four days.

I had not realised that the Vannar Thirthoom falls were part of the original river system. This made the territory to be investigated about thirty miles long, including two artificial lakes made by two dams ! The main body of water at the Papanasam waterfall had been diverted in order to produce the motive power for a hydro-electric scheme. It was obvious that there would have to be great changes in my thinking, and that my concept of the Tambrapani River falling over a steep rock face at Papanasam was going to be rudely shaken.

On the following morning Jane Murton and I did a reconnaissance by car. Within a few minutes of dropping David off at the mill, we ran into Monkey Temple at a bend in the Tambrapani River in Papanasam village. It looks exactly as it does in the pencil drawing of 1792 (No. 11) except that the trees are taller and have obscured the gopuram. We were thrilled by this and in fact had scored a success on the very first day. Monkey Temple is so called because of the large number of very friendly monkeys living in the area and in the trees around. We went over the temple and examined the rest houses and steps leading to the river bank, and eventually decided that the only way to photograph it from the Daniell angle was from across the river. Two men helped me across for the stream was swift and waist deep, one holding my camera and note book, and the other my socks and shoes. When I finally photographed it, it was obvious that the terraces, the choultries and the steps had changed not at all. Even the trees looked the same although they were much taller, but they had the same skeletal and arborial structure.

Later on that day we drove along the road running towards the dams from where the distant views of the waterfall were sketched (No. 1 and No. 6.). Looking down from the edge of the road, we could see nothing of the well laid-out platform of the distant views. Nor was there much water in the river. We then drove on and upwards, towards both dams and Hope Lake beyond. (The lake is named after Sir Arthur Hope, who was a 1939-1945 wartime governor of Madras). After a careful scrutiny of the whole area we returned to the bungalow, well satisfied with the day's work. We knew exactly what the programme was for the moment and Monkey Temple was in the bag, so to speak. After dinner we re-examined all the photographs again, and made detailed plans to visit the actual waterfall on the following day.

Once again we drove through Papanasam village, past Monkey Temple, to the point where the road forks—the upper road which we had driven over the day before going up to the dams, and the left fork going down to the river bed. About a mile down the road we arrived at the power station, and a few hundred yards further on where the road ended, there was a temple named after the Sage Agastya. We left the car at the Temple and walked along a path until we came to a smaller temple, near a shallow waterfall, where pilgrims were bathing and chanting. A benevolent old man with a grey beard and steel rimmed spectacles directed us to the waterfall—we had come the wrong way, he said—and gave us directions. We retraced our footsteps and after a few hundred yards following his instructions found another path, which we followed upwards for a mile or so. It soon became apparent that we were heading in the wrong direction—and retraced our footsteps yet again—pleasant going, as it was downwards.

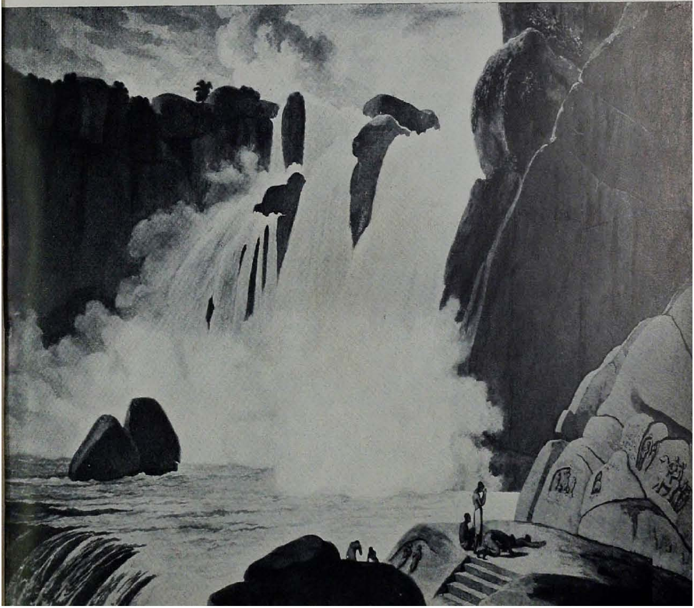
Finally when we were almost at the river bed again we came across a small group of pilgrims, obviously two families, with individuals of various ages, descending along a path near us. They had just visited the waterfall and showed us what they insisted was the correct way. At last we were on the right track.

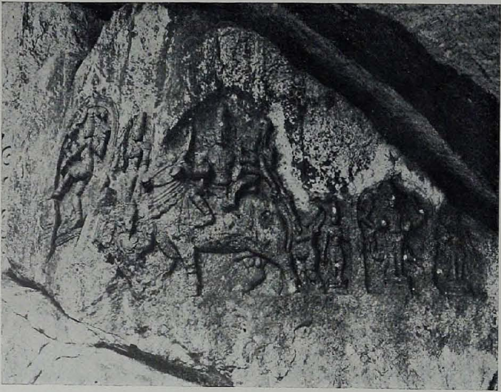
The sun shone intermittently, and it was hot, and every now and then it drizzled for a few moments, and the rain was cool on our bodies. We climbed slowly, and the jungle path began suddenly to be stone flagged, and the higher we climbed the longer the stones



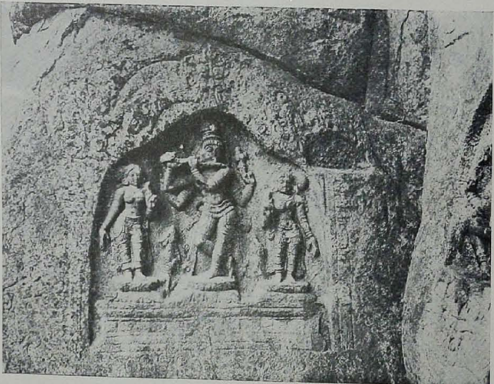
Lyell/Victoria Memorial Oil
(Page 32, No. 3)

Aquatint from "Oriental Scenery"
(Page 32, No. 5)





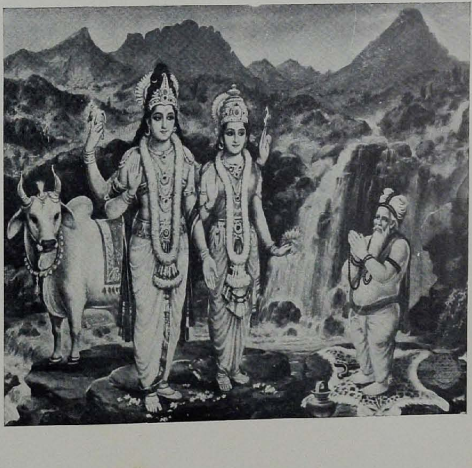
Parts of Rock Carvings (Photographed 1969)

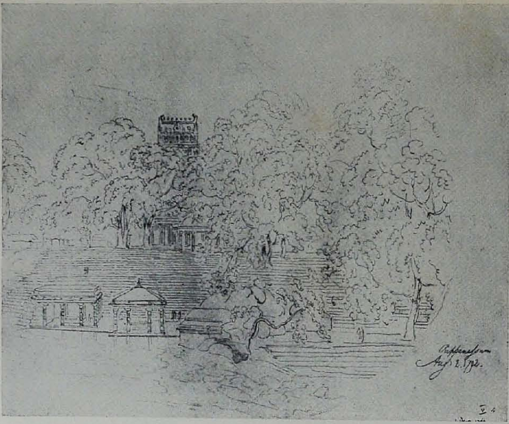




Chapter XVI *Carvings of Hanuman, Lakshmana, Rama and Sita*
(Photographed 1969)

Parvati and Shiva appearing before Sage Agastya *Chapter XVI*





Monkey Temple—drawn August 2, 1792 (Page 32, No. 11)

Monkey Temple (Photographed 1969)



grew, and there seemed to be inscriptions upon them, almost flush with the surface and smooth with the passage of feet and time. A band of twenty or thirty black faced monkeys accompanied us, hooting in the trees above and around us in their soft voices.

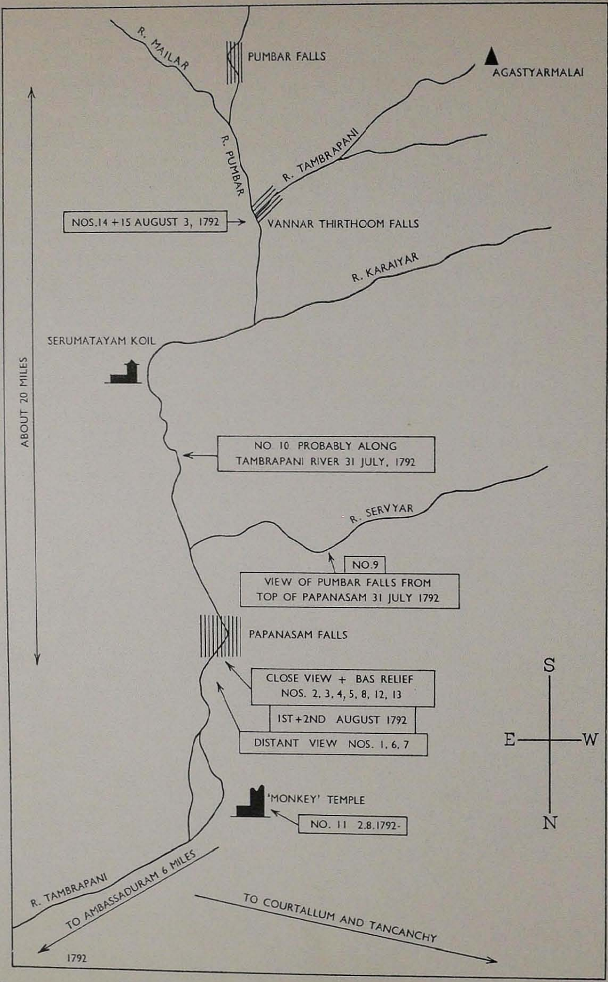
I knew both William Daniell's account and Caunter's version almost by heart; I knew that at any moment the path would turn sharply to the right and we would be confronted by the waterfall and the bas relief. I also knew and indeed had anticipated that something which was so obvious in those two accounts was missing. There was no roar of rushing water. There was a continuous sibilant gurgle but nothing more. We continued to climb slowly, and the path was now completely stone flagged and inscribed, and the strange characters clearer than before. We turned sharply to the right and we were confronted by the rock face of the waterfall. There was no mountain of water, just a few vertical trickles. But there was no doubt about it, we had arrived. I recognised individual rocks and the overall rock formation. And to the right was the bas relief, so common in all the close views. Sitting on the steps below the carvings, was a holy man playing a flute. For me, the quest had ended. It is difficult to say whether I could have been more excited had the waterfall been in full, furious, roaring spate. I recognised all the figures in the carvings as if they were old friends.

The man and his flute continued to play, as if we were not there, and it dawned upon me that he was the same man with the steel rimmed spectacles who had misdirected us at the small temple lower down. Perhaps he had deliberately misled us so that he could get to the waterfall first, and welcome us with his flute. For all I know he could have been there for Thomas and William's visit and had acquired a pair of spectacles since, or may be he wasn't there at all. Whatever the true explanation, he did not ask for alms or tribute.

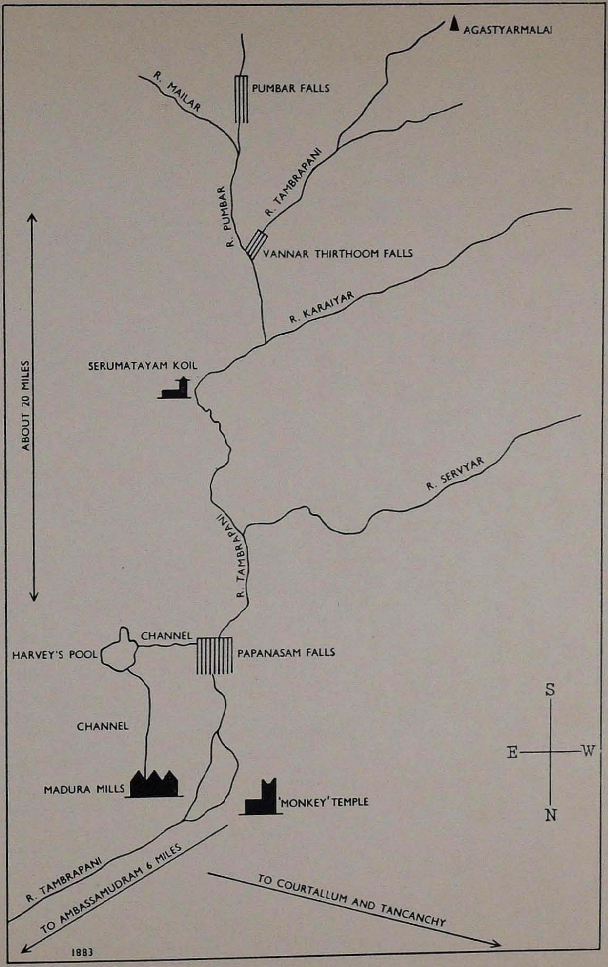
I examined the rock face carefully and compared it with my photographs—which were in polythene envelopes to protect them from the rain. There seems little doubt that some of the rocks projecting through the cascade, in all the versions, had fallen into the pool. This was probably because of the change in the direction of force of the water, when first the Harveys, and later the hydro-electric scheme altered the course of the water. I thought I recognised one of the larger original rock projections lying in the pool.

The bas relief was of enormous interest. The details of the carvings in each of the old close views were more or less identical, but in each case isolated carvings had been re-grouped together, and their juxtaposition altered, as indeed was the overall relation of the waterfall to the steps. The three carved figures which face the devotees in the Daniells' versions consist now of four figures. A close examination of the fourth figure shows that it is a shallower and newer one. It must have been carved after 1792. The group with the sacred cow was much higher on the rock face, almost unconnected with the rest of the religious complex. More important still—the steps and the carvings faced the waterfall itself. The Daniells had depicted these as though both were visible to the viewer simultaneously. They had, so to speak, turned the steps and bas relief through an angle of 90°.

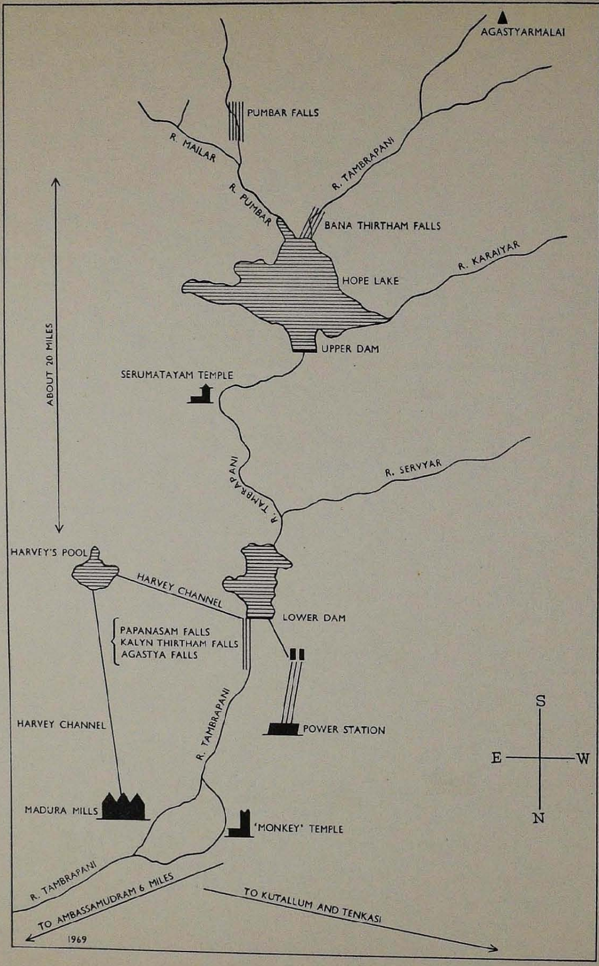
While I gazed, enraptured by all this, near the lowest of the ancient steps I saw about a dozen fish, four or five inches long, with thin circular mouths projecting through the surface of the water. They certainly were not carp, and had a wavy dorsal fin with a touch of red gold in them. Perhaps they were waiting to be fed.



Sketch of river system in 1792, with the sites of the of the fifteen versions (page 31)



Sketch of river system in 1883 when Tinnevelly Mill was built (page 71)



Sketch of river system in 1969

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The symbolism of the Hindu religion is exemplified by the large number of gods and goddesses at various levels of importance, interelated, and forming between them, a complex hierarchy. Most of the deities have individual attributes which justify their position in the saintly aristocracy.

At Papanasam, there are two sets of carvings in the bas relief. In the lower one there are four figures to the right of which are some lingams (phallic symbols). The first figure on the left as you face them is Hanuman. He is the monkey god and, as you can see in the photographs, his tail rises high across the back of his head. The next god is Laksmana, who is carrying his bow. He usually accompanies his brother Rama, as he does here. Rama, the third figure, is taller than his brother Laksmana, and is more important, being an incarnation of Vishnu. He holds the chakra in his right hand. The chakra is a rotating wheel which may be used as a weapon. The fourth figure, obviously female, is Sita. She is an afterthought because in the Daniells' oils and sketches of the close views there are only three figures. A close examination showed me that she was carved by a different hand, and she looked more recent.

On the recessed wall behind them are several figures and a cow carrying deities. The figure on the extreme left is Nataraj. This dancing deity has four arms. The upper right hand carries a little drum, shaped like an hour glass, for the beat of the rhythm. The upper left with the half moon posture of the fingers bears in its palm a tongue of flame. Nataraj is depicted as dancing with one foot firm on the prostrate body of a demon. Siva and Parvati are sitting on the cow. The others are unidentifiable and of minor importance.

The legend narrates that on Mount Kailasa, the abode of Lord Siva, sages and gods from all over the universe had gathered together to witness the marriage of the Lord with Goddess Parvati. This crowding at one place caused the northern part of the world to begin to sink. Seeing this, Siva bade the Sage Agastya, who had also come to Kailasa, to hurry south to the Pothigai Hills in order to restore equilibrium. Agastya was very

sad and disappointed that he would have to miss the wedding; whereupon Siva consoled him and assured him that he and Parvati would appear before him at the Pothigai Hills in their wedding garments.

Reassured, Agastya proceeded south and restored the equilibrium of the world. True to his promise, after the wedding Siva, accompanied by Parvati, came to the Pothigai Hills and gave darshan to Agastya. Darshan means peace and blessing which is received by merely being in the presence of holy or god-like persons.

Legend has it that it was close to the Papanasam Falls, on the banks of the Tambrapani River that Siva and Parvati appeared before Agastya. The Falls came to be known as the Agastya Falls to commemorate the visit of the divine couple, and so the Agastya temple was built there.

The Tambrapani River is considered to be as holy a river as the Ganges in absolving all sins. Those who immerse themselves in the stream under the running waters of the various falls, on the first day of the Tamil month of Chitral (about mid-April) which commemorates the day on which Siva gave darshan to Agastya, are absolved of all sins and attain salvation.

As photography of the hydro-electric scheme is not permitted because of the Government of India's security regulations, I have included rough sketches of the river system in order to show the general topography of the waterfalls and the situation of the landmarks.

The Vannar Thirthoom (Banatirtham Falls) and the waterfall of Papanasam (Kalyan Thirtham or Agastya Falls) together with the Tambrapani River are all sacred waters. There are two temples along its course, one at Serumattayan Koil and the other, the Agastya Temple, near the Papanasam Power Station, and two miles from the old falls and bas relief.

In the literature the waterfall at Papanasam is described as being eighty feet high. In fact it is 162 feet high. Also it is said that it is in full spate during the monsoons from June to August. But there are two monsoons in that area, owing to the central location of the ridge of hills—the South West monsoon, with light rain is the one already referred to. But it is during the heavier monsoon—the North East, that one may see the waterfall in spate and this occurs during November and December. It is then possible that Hope Lake is full and the sluice gates of both dams are open and a huge volume of water will run over its ancient trail to make the waterfall look as it did in 1792.

The next morning, we drove along the upper road and walked to the inspection bungalow from which there is a tremendous view of the hills whose streams and rivers feed Hope Lake. Glittering in the distance were the Pumbar Falls (No. 9)—a thin silver sliver in the grey green of the surrounding hills. About two hundred yards away is a modern choultry from which one can look directly down on to the pool of our waterfall. Some of the steps and lingams were visible vertically below and I recognised again the rock projection which I thought had fallen into the pool. The choultry is possibly 170 feet above the pool of the waterfall, and one can see the exact site in the old paintings. It is to the right of the top of the waterfall in the distant views and the photograph of 1935, where a large boulder leans against a larger rock, showing light through a gap.

The next day Jane, David and I visited Vannar Thirthoom Falls by jeep (No. 14). We had to take a circuitous route via Munimatar Dam, another irrigation scheme to the north, and the road was as rough as any I have been on since the war. It was no more than a path for much of the way, skirting the hills rising above the east shore of Hope Lake. It ceased at a point on the lake where the Pumbar River enters. We waded across the river mouth and walked a further mile or two until the roar of the Vannar Thirthoom Falls announced that we were approaching our objective. It is a tall strong wide powerful cascade, a ridge breaking the almost vertical descent midway. It must have been more

precipitous in the Daniells' day, as the water would have then flung itself into the Tambrapani River itself instead of into the dammed-up lake whose level is higher. The waterfall's height is 122 feet now.

In 1792 the Daniells must have walked along the bank of the river for twenty five miles from Papanasam to see it, as we have a colour wash dated the 3rd of August, 1792. On their way they passed Serumattayan Koil (Temple). David calculated that without the existence of the lake Serumattayan Koil would be only about 3 miles from the Vannar Thirthoom Falls and a staging and resting point for pilgrims to the Falls. Now with Hope Lake there, our journey in the jeep had taken one hour of difficult and expert driving on David's part, between the same two points.

We had a picnic lunch in sight of the falls and on our way back examined Serumattayan Koil in detail. It was deserted except for a family which obviously lived there. The temple was on the river's edge—the water calm and serene and remote and seemingly unconnected in its flow from Upper Dam to Lower Dam. Thomas exhibited an oil at the Royal Academy in 1800 entitled "Near Shuramuttean Coil in the mountains near Cape Comorin, East Indies".

The Pumbar Falls, high in the hills, was in view intermittently but climbing to it was out of the question. The Daniells did not, and that was good enough excuse for me.

Our next excursion was to the town of Courtallum, about twenty miles from Ambasamudram and Papanasam. Courtallum is above the plain but the altitude cannot be much more than one thousand feet. It is something of a summer resort and is cool. There are six waterfalls scattered over a considerable area, each with its rest houses and temples, and the waters here are deemed to be sacred too. They are considered to have health-giving properties as well as religious attributes. They are named, in the order in which we visited them (1) Five Falls—so called because of the five streams coming down the rock face, (2) Main Falls, (3) Shenbaga Devi Falls—which are much higher than Main Falls for we climbed along a sharply ascending path for about forty five minutes before reaching it, (4) Honey Falls—so called because of masses of beehives in the area. These Falls are even higher than the Shenbaga Devi Falls, (5) Tiger Falls, much lower, unimpressive and flat, and finally (6) The old Courtallum Falls—which are literally at the foot of the ghat and our car was parked directly near the temple when we saw the falls.

Courtallum, Tancanchy and Cauvery seem to have been synonymous to the Daniells in the labelling of their work at that time. Tancanchy (now Tankasi) is spelt in no less than six different ways in the Daniell literature.

There are several versions of the falls at Courtallum or Tancanchy, and those I have seen are all of the Main Falls—the oil in the Victoria Memorial, Calcutta, the oil owned by Mr. P. N. Talukdar of Calcutta, the aquatint from "*Oriental Scenery*" (Vol. IV, No. 3) and the engraving from the reduced edition of "*Oriental Scenery*". Here is the description attached to the engraving of the latter :

> "The Waterfall at Courtallum, called Tancanchy, about twenty miles northward from the Cataract of Puppanassum, is also accounted by the Hindoos a place of peculiar sanctity. On certain festivals the number of people that resort in this spot from every part of India, is almost incredible; and to accommodate so great a concourse of religious persons, numerous choultries are provided. Some of the buildings of that description appear in this view, the others (sometimes connected with pagodas) are scattered about the valley in different situations; and the grandeur and religious solemnity of the scene is much heightened by a grove of large spreading trees, two or three miles in extent, beneath which is the general pathway leading to the great object of their devotion.

Besides those who frequent the falls of Tancanchy and Papanasam simply for the purpose of devotion, many also repair thither in order to procure the sacred water which they carry about in small bottles carefully packed up in curious baskets; these, attached to each end of a bamboo, they bear on their shoulders, and travel many hundred miles through the country, occasionally distributing, at the principal Hindoo temples in their route, small portions of this holy fluid, whereby they insure to themselves whatever food and accommodation they may require.

The height of the cataract of Courtallum is two hundred and twenty feet."

Curiously enough, a niece of mine purchased a watercolour a few years ago in Oxford. On the back of the frame was written "Waterfall in India" by Baron, spelt with one "r". When we first saw the engravings by Havell of Barron's six pictures of Ootacamund and the Todas, we were struck by the similarity between the type of work. However, we were unable to say definitely that my niece's watercolour was by Barron. Much later however, when examining the Falls at Courtallum, as engraved in the reduced edition of Oriental Scenery, and my own modern photograph—it became obvious that the so-called Barron waterfall was of Courtallum. Of course there were many amateur painters amongst the British and so this may have been by one of them. However, it was of great interest to identify the actual waterfall in the first place and it could very well be by Barron. It would be useful to know whether Barron ever went as far south as Courtallum—but there is no reason why he should not have.



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

On our return I was taken round the Madura Mills. It was a memorable and a pleasant experience. It was all very new to me, never having visited such an institution before, and the mechanics of the sophisticated machines seemed uncanny in their efficiency, and quite beyond my comprehension.

What was obvious, was the close and friendly relationship between workers and management. The welfare schemes, medical and educational facilities, assisted housing, and in particular the dedicated personal interest by the management in the day to day lives of the workers, had produced a community group which was well paid, happy and secure. They have security—that overriding universal objective. There was pride in what was almost a family affair. Indeed, once a year a memorial meeting pays tribute to the Harvey brothers who founded the first mill—Water Mill—of this vast complex, the motive power of which came from the waterfall of Papanasam. Water was carried off from above the falls, by a channel a mile and a half long to a reservoir known as Harvey's Pool. Then it flowed downwards sharply through a cylindrical iron pipe to Water Mill, whose turbine is still on view in the grounds of the Madura Mills Co.

Water Mill—the first textile mill in South India—was first named Tinnevelly Mill by Andrew and Frank Harvey, from the name of the district in which it and Papanasam were located. Local farmers were perturbed when rumour was rife that the mill would be spinning yarn from water, as water was precious for irrigating their land. Finally when they were assured that yarn would be spun from fibre, not water, they gave permission and Tinnevelly Mill went into production. The products for long enjoyed a special demand, because it was spun from machinery powered by the holy waters of the Tambrapani River.

Thomas and William Daniell were very active in Tinnevelly District, and many of their oils, colour washes and engravings carry this name.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

On my last day we drove up the ghats to the Manjoli tea growing area. We had stupendous views of both lakes, the dams, and the country around. I got the best photograph of the PumbarRiver from the edge of a tea garden. We were a mere two hours driving from the hot plains, but the character, the quality and composition of the earth were different, and the higher we climbed the winding road the more different it grew. New birds, new sounds, swirling mist, tea bushes in serried ranks, lovely, lonely bungalows, and the sound of cicadas in the tall trees.

It was sad leaving Papanasam and Ambasamudram the next day. I took with me a copper pot, which we had bought at Papanasam, several rolls of exposed film, and masses of scribbled notes, and sketches. Subbiah drove me back to Madurai where I had a shower and tea at the Madura Club, and went on to the airport, and a comfortable flight in an Avro-York to Madras.

Old friends, Sally and Gerry Solomon, housed me for a couple of days. Of particular interest was our trip to Mahabalipuram, which is about twenty miles south of Madras along the coast road. The temples and carvings are still the same as they were when the Daniells visited and sketched them in 1792 (*Oriental Scenery, Vol. V., Nos. 1 and 2*). On the beach near by are two pagodas. Legend has it that there were originally seven. In 1788, old men of the village related to William Chambers that the tops of the other five pagodas could be seen sometimes, below the surface of the sea. It must be legend only, because Elihu Yale—who founded Yale University in America—saw only the two pagodas in 1682, and the other five have never been historically confirmed. We swam in the warm sea near the two pagodas.

There are two large oil paintings of Mahabalipuram by Robert Home at the Asiatic Society in Calcutta. I had photographs of these, and spent some time comparing them with the reality and noting the differences, which were very few, surprisingly enough.



Courtallum Falls possibly by Barron



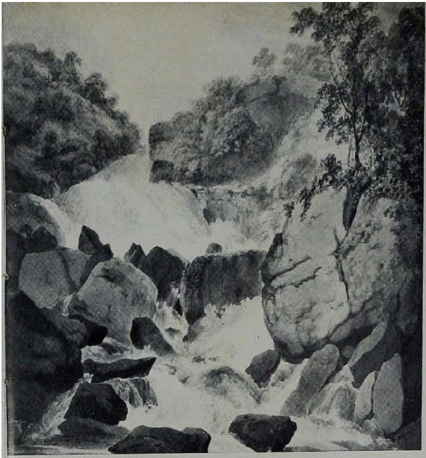
Courtallum Falls (Photographed 1969)



Courtallum Falls (Engraving from reduced edition of "Oriental Scenery"

Pumbar Falls—pencil drawing 31. 7. 1792 (Page 32, No. 9)





Waterfall at Vannar Turthoom
P & O colour wash, 3. 8. 1792
(Page 32, No. 14)

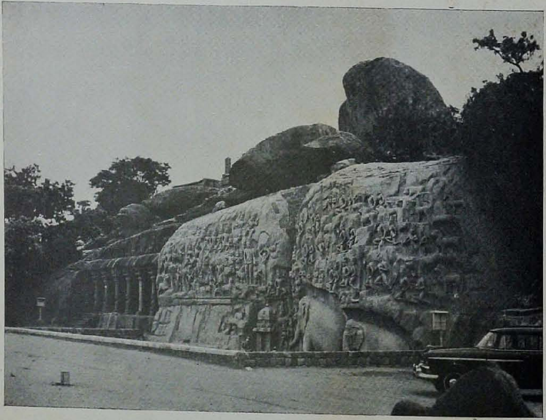
Distant view of Waterfall at Vannar Turthoom
(Photographed 1969)





Mahabalipuram from reduced edition of "Oriental Scenery"

Mahabalipuram (Photographed 1969)



The following morning I visited Fort St. George. My 'plane was not leaving until the afternoon and I browsed around on my own. I enjoyed my visit for although I work and live in Calcutta, I had never had the opportunity of making this pilgrimage before.

Madras was a British trading post as early as 1639. The name Fort St. George was given to the settlement in 1677. It was nearly twenty years later that Job Charnock put together the three mud villages on the banks of the Hooghly, and called them Calcutta.

The church of St. Mary in Fort St. George was completed in 1680, but had no spire until 1795, 115 years later. It was here that Job Charnock's three daughters were baptised. (He married a Hindoo widow whom he rescued from the funeral pyre upon which widows were required to immolate themselves upon the death of their husbands). Clive was married here to Mary Maskaline and it was later that he came north to Bengal and defeated the Ruler of Murshidabad at Plassey.

As I flew towards Calcutta I realised that I had come a full circle since I had been at Frank Sabin's looking first at the Kattra Masjid by William Hodges, and then at the two Daniells, one of Fort St. George, Madras, with the church without a spire, and the other of the Waterfall at Papanasam.



EPILOGUE

There is a portrait of Thomas by Sir David Wilkie painted in 1838, which is in the permanent collection at the Tate Gallery. There is another portrait of him by William, in the Victoria Memorial, Calcutta. The latter is a picture of great charm and one can feel the affection which he must have had for a man who was not only a close relative, but his constant companion throughout their adventures in China, India, at sea and later in their declining years in England. This picture was discovered in 1930, and only revealed its true identity on cleaning.

Thomas, after returning to England from India, continued to paint and his last exhibit at the Royal Academy was in 1828. He lived in various parts of London, but finally settled at No. 14, Earl's Terrace, Kensington, in 1819. After 1828 he was almost completely forgotten, as he outlived all his contemporaries. He never married. He died on the 19th of March, 1840, at the age of 91, and is buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

William continued to paint and travel for many years, illustrating much of his work by engravings. He died on the 16th of August 1837 in Camden Town.

There is a pencil drawing of William as a young man, by Michael Westall, R.A. in the Royal Academy of Arts, London. This shows him to have been extremely good looking, probably with a keen sense of humour. I have re-read his diaries after seeing this picture, and flashes of humour are apparent which passed unnoticed before. William married and had four daughters, of whom at least one inherited something of his talent. Susan was a miniaturist and exhibited at the Royal Academy. In 1831 she married a Mr. Gent. Rose Daniell spent some years in America and died at the old Daniell home, "The Swan" at Chertsey, as recently as 1912, at the age of one hundred years.

Emma Daniell married twice and the names of her husband in each case was William Wood. The fourth daughter was named Mary Ann, but I have been unable to discover anything about her life.

Many examples of the Daniells' work remain in India, and some of them have suffered damage by the ravages of India's climate. However, much other material exists, particularly in Great Britain. They were great artists and it would be an exciting task to catalogue their surviving oil paintings. There are between eighty and one hundred oils in excellent condition in India, most of them in the Victoria Memorial, Calcutta.

Mildred and Bill Archer helped me with this book. Their profound knowledge of British art in India quite overwhelmed me, and I must confess to picking their brains unmercifully. It was they who led me to the waterfall in the first place, and without their encouragement I would never have embarked on this adventure.

My stay with Jane and David Murton in their bungalow six miles from the waterfall, and their enthusiasm and interest in the subject spurred me on, until I began to realise that I was not being too odd about the whole project after all. They augmented my slight knowledge of the area and accompanied me on all my excursions, whether to climb hills, wade across rivers or to identify temples and choultries. I am especially grateful to them and if it were not for their kindness and hospitality and their understanding of my compelling urge, this narrative may not have survived. I have had enormous fun putting it together, not very expertly I know, but I have made good friends through the pursuit of my quest, for which benevolence I should, perhaps, offer thanks to the Sage Agastya, whose temple stands by the holy waters of the Tambrapani River, upon which lies the Waterfall of Papanasam.



"This extraordinarily interesting and entertaining book is about the events which followed the purchase, in London, of an eighteenth century oil painting of a waterfall in South India. The author, whose first book this is, confesses that he succumbed to a compulsion to trace back the history of the painting. From his notes and researches has appeared this story of the quest which led to the waterfall itself.

The book, with reproductions of old pictures and modern photographs, is not just about the artists Thomas and William Daniell and the waterfall at Papanasam; it contains very much more. The ramifications and diversions from the main theme are numerous, short and relevant; we are taken all over India and encounter many fascinating people, both historical and contemporary." —G. M.